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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 22, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving, entitled*

"A FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE,"

and other interesting features.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

MR. TILDEN AND THE "SURRENDER" RESOLUTION.

THE charge that Mr. Tilden was a very lukewarm patriot during the war, and that he reported the famous surrender platform of the Democratic Convention of 1864, has been laboriously denied and evaded. It has been alleged that the resolution did not express Mr. Tilden's sentiments. But Mr. Tilden was the member of the committee from New York, and he made no protest against the platform then or subsequently, nor was there any thing in the resolution which was in any degree inconsistent with his attitude through the war. In plain words, Mr. Tilden was, in the political phrase of the war, a Copperhead—cautious, prudent, discreet, indeed, for he is always a skillful politician. He had none of the foul-mouthed hostility to the war and its soldiers that characterized such men as Henry Clay Dean, but he was none the less one of that class of citizens who, under cover of respect for the Constitution, constantly perplexed and embarrassed the Administration, chilled the patriotic ardor of the people, and thereby gave the most substantial moral aid and comfort to the enemy. The platform committee of the Democratic Convention of 1864, of which Mr. Tilden was the member from New York, and Vallandigham, the typical Copperhead, was a ruling spirit, reported the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war—during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired—justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal States."

There is nothing in this resolution, we say, which is inconsistent with Mr. Tilden's action and position throughout the war. One of the most deadly blows aimed at the efforts of the government to save the country was the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Political Knowledge—that is, of what were known as Copperhead sentiments—which was formed in New York in February, 1863, one of the dark hours of the war. It was a time when every generous, patriotic heart was seeking how to encourage and multiply the soldiers in the field, and how to stimulate the devotion of the country to sustain the Administration. This was the moment in which a circular was issued for a meeting at Delmonico's, on the Fifth Avenue. It was addressed, of course, to those who were known to be unfriendly to the war; and it was signed, among others, by A. Belmont, S. F. B. Morse, George Ticknor Curtis, Loring Andrews, and Samuel J. Tilden. It is notorious that these are the names of some of the most "malignant" of the New York opponents of the war. Mr. Sidney E. Morse, of the New York *Observer*, presided at the meeting. Among the speakers was Mr. James Brooks, who made the remark, which became afterward noted, that he had seen men sitting on the stumps by the road-side and in the woods of the South who were unable to read or write, but who knew more of government and political questions than the best of New England children with all their book-learning; and he lustily denounced Northern fanatics and abolitionists. He was followed by Cyrus Mason (a man well known to many New Yorkers), by George Ticknor Curtis, and by Samuel J. Tilden. The meeting decided to form a society to publish and diffuse sound political information, that is, as the result showed, the most uncompromising Copperhead speeches and pamphlets. A committee on publications, and one on finance, of which Samuel J. Tilden was a member, were appointed; and a week later the organization was completed by making Mr. S. F. B. Morse permanent president, Loring Andrews treasurer, and Cyrus Mason corresponding secretary and general agent. Then operations began.

These consisted of the occasional publication of pamphlets, the study of which is to-day profoundly suggestive. Their main object was twofold: first, to show the blessings of human slavery; and second, to prove that every great measure of the war was unconstitutional. The first pamphlet issued contained an account of the speeches of Mr. Morse and George Ticknor Curtis at the Delmonico meeting, with a letter from Samuel J. Tilden to the *Evening Post*, denying that the movement was in any sense a revolutionary conspiracy or intrigue. Mr. Tilden's letter, written at the moment when the issue of the contest was most uncertain, was calculated to persuade the country that the measures of the war were perilous usurpations, and that liberty and the government were perishing amidst the follies and faults of Abraham Lincoln's administration. Mr. Tilden stated that when Mr. Preston King asked him to co-operate in the formation of the Republican party, he replied that it would be a dangerous agency, and either a political blunder or crime, as creating a conflict in which the government would probably perish. This first pamphlet was followed by a speech of Mr. Turpie, then Senator from Indiana, of the kind that Mr. Pendleton and Fernando Wood and the other "peace" men were in the habit of making. Other numbers of the series were, "Emancipation and its Results," showing that it had always been a misfortune; and the ovation at the Academy of Music on the Fourth of July, 1863, when Governor Seymour made a speech fomenting the utmost hostility to the Administration, and unquestionably inciting the draft riots of ten days later. There were also the Bible View of Slavery, the speech of Pugh for Vallandigham, the letter of the Albany Copperheads to Mr. Lincoln of the 30th of June, 1863, and others of the same kind.

This was the business in which Mr. Tilden was engaged in the crisis of the struggle for national existence. This was the measure of his patriotism, and this was his view of Mr. Lincoln's policy and conduct. Is there any thing in the Democratic resolution of 1864 which is inconsistent with it? Is that resolution any thing else than a declaration of the sentiments which Mr. Tilden had carefully inculcated and fostered? And while this was the way in which Mr. Tilden maintained the government and served human liberty and equal rights, Governor Hayes served his country and her cause in another way. To which one of the two is that country and her cause the more indebted? Which one of the two more deserves the gratitude of every true-hearted American—the modest Republican citizen who, when the war threatened, said, quietly, "Nothing would now be so fatal as compromise: a man may escape a pistol-shot, but not a dose of poison," then offered his life for his country, or the Democratic "reformer" who, with Fernando Wood and Vallandigham and Henry Clay Dean, did in the Northern States the work of Jefferson Davis?

We are told that this is an obsolete question. Far from it. The attitude and conduct of every public man of this generation, when the existence of the government and human liberty itself were in peril, can not be an obsolete question. There are, indeed, present issues which are commanding and pressing. But they can be dealt with more wisely and fitly by honest and experienced men, who were instinctively true and loyal to the country and its cause throughout the war. It is not necessary that a "reformer" of to-day should have been a "Copperhead" of yesterday, while the Copperhead would desire nothing more earnestly than that political and patriotic memories should not extend further than two or three years. The war, indeed, is happily over, despite such constant and skillful hostility as that of Mr. Tilden. But there are questions which the war has left that can not be treated safely and wisely by a party and politicians who neither approved the war nor sympathized with reconstruction. A Democratic restoration, with a candidate who was not even a "war Democrat," would be a reaction which, as it is not necessary to any reform or measure of progress, we believe a patriotic country will think long before it decrees.

REFORM.

The Democratic party proposes a campaign of reform. The only practical method of accomplishing it is a radical change in the civil service system. For so long as the offices are held to be, in the words of that eminent Democrat W. L. Marcy, the spoils of the victor, so long political reform is absolutely impossible. The promises of platforms are of little importance, but as an illustration of the whole position of the Democratic party as one of reform, we quote its words upon this subject:

"Reform is necessary in the civil service. Experience proves that efficient, economical conduct of the government business is not possible if its civil service be subject to change at every election, be a prize fought for at the ballot-box, be a brief reward of party zeal, instead of posts of honor assigned for proved competency and held for fidelity in the public employ; that the dispensing of patronage should neither be a tax upon the time of all our public men, nor the instrument of their ambition. Here again professions falsified in the performance attest that the party in power can work out no salutary reform."

We are very much afraid that this paragraph would fall under Governor William Allen's ban of "a d——d barren ideality." If it is to be supposed to have any meaning whatever, it is a profession of faith of the Democratic party, or a promise to be performed by it. Does any body believe it to be either? When and where has the Democratic party ever shown that it had any such faith as this plank sets forth, or that it thought any such practice as is here abstractly commended to be any thing else than impracticable folly?

The abuse of the civil service began under a Democratic President, and was deliberately justified by a Democratic Senator and party leader. No serious attempt was ever made by any party to correct the abuse until Mr. Jenckes, a Republican, began a strenuous effort in Congress. It was opposed by both parties, but such support as it had was due to Republican urgency. In various States, and notably in New York, the Democrats came into power in 1874. Have they ever in New York or elsewhere shown the slightest disposition to act upon the principle laid down in the passage we have quoted? They have been in a position in several States to show their faith by their works. Has it been shown? The Democratic party, which says at its Convention that honest and efficient subordinate agents should not be turned out for political reasons, controls the House of Representatives of the United States. When it organized last December, did it or did it not turn out Republican subordinates solely upon party grounds, and substitute Democrats? Could any claim be more ridiculous than the assertion that the Democrats any where at any time have been any thing but conspicuously and avowedly the spoils party?

Judge it by the action of its chiefs. Governor Tilden has been an active Democratic politician for more than a generation. Has he ever, either before or since his party association and co-operation with Tweed, during which he wrote to ask Tweed to give Mr. Samuel Allen "a small appointment" because he was "in great need" of it, and because he had been "a very efficient and useful worker"—has he ever said or done any thing which showed that his views of the civil service differed from those of Andrew Jackson and Governor Marcy? His Republican predecessor, Governor Dix, has spoken frankly in favor of a real reform, and, according to Mr. Cornell, the chairman of the Republican State Committee, Governor Dix's official action was so consistent with his views as to defeat his own re-election. But if Governor Tilden has ever expressed such sentiments upon this subject as those contained in the St. Louis platform, or if he has not, as a rule, used his patronage for political and party purposes, we are much in error.

Indeed, notwithstanding these fine phrases of the platform, we suppose that there is nothing which Governor Tilden would more sincerely deplore than a general conviction among the Democratic "boys" that he would attempt to carry out the policy of this declaration. If this St. Louis platform is to be regarded as a promise or a programme of policy, it engages Governor Tilden, if elected, not to remove any honest and efficient Republican office-holder. If, however, it be said that no such promise is distinctly made, we agree; and that is precisely the juggle and falsehood of the declaration. Its spirit and apparent meaning would require the retention of every faithful office-holder; but the careful reader perceives that it avoids all engagements or pledges, and is a mere repetition of a truism by a party which has always denied it, which nominates a candidate who has never acknowledged it in his practice, and which does not even assert that it will try to take any step upon the subject whatever. This is a fair illustration of Democratic "reform." This is the doctrine of the civil service which John Kelly and Tammany Hall, John Morris-

sey and Gwin of California, Boss M'Laughlin and Fernando Wood, gravely "stand upon" in their party platform. Does any intelligent voter believe that they hold any such principle as that we have quoted, or that Governor Tilden if elected intends to put it into practice? It is no answer to say that the Republicans undertook a reform and failed. The real question upon this subject is whether the history and character of the Republican party do not make such a reform under its auspices more probable than under those of the Democratic party. The country is asked to turn the Republicans out and to bring the Democrats in in order to secure this reform. But, to put it at the worst, Yankees never yet jumped deliberately out of the frying-pan into the fire. It is not a party such as the Democratic is known to be, with a candidate whose practice in this matter has always been that of a strict partisan, which will reform the civil service in the interest of honesty and common-sense.

"A STRAIGHT ISSUE."

There are Democrats and Republicans who have sincere convictions upon the subject of hard money. They see the shame of the present financial situation, and they know that the resumption act of 1875 is at least a distinct declaration and pledge of an honorable as well as a sound intention. Such Democrats have always insisted that the Democratic was the party of "Old Bullion" and of hard money, and that among the reasons for the nomination of Mr. Tilden was that he was the representative of that doctrine, and that he was as zealous for hard money as for reform. There was possibly an unmeant sarcasm in the remark. It was said last summer that he was secretly opposed to the success of Governor Allen in Ohio. But he said to a reporter of the New York *Herald* that he hoped to see a great Democratic victory in the State, that is, to see Allen and Cary elected by a large majority upon a platform of repudiation and soft money. The Governor, however, was still considered the champion of hard money, and the opposition that he was to meet at St. Louis was alleged to proceed entirely from the soft-money Democracy.

When, therefore, Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer arose in the St. Louis Convention and said, "I propose here to make a straight issue between soft and hard money," and exhorted the Convention to stand by the report of the committee and not to listen to the siren of soft money, Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, and was greeted by "tremendous cheers," there really seemed to be something coming. The hard-money Mr. Tilden was apparently to be placed upon a hard-money platform with a hard-money candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and the regenerated and "reforming" Democracy was to go to the country as the original hard-money Jacobs. But the difference between the thunder of the manifesto and the actual war is delightfully ridiculous. "Give us," exclaimed Mr. Dorsheimer in effect, and with natural Centennial fervor—"give us hard money or give us death." Now Mr. Dorsheimer's hard money was the financial plank of the platform, and as he was Governor Tilden's trusted agent, and the New York member of the platform committee, that plank unquestionably represented Governor Tilden's hard-money views. What, then, is the plank which is to show that a straight issue is made between soft and hard money, and that hard money conquered?

It is this: "We denounce the resumption clause of the act of 1875, and we here demand its repeal," as a hinderance to the resumption of specie payment! There is no proposition of any other measure. There is no substitution. There is no attempt to show how a sacred pledge of the government of the United States to resume by a certain date hinders resumption. The plank demands "a judicious system of preparation," to make resumption possible at some future time—presumptively, of course, beyond the time already solemnly fixed by Congress and deliberately rejected by the platform. Upon this imperious demand for repeal of the only distinct authoritative pledge for resumption that exists, Mr. Tilden is placed for President, and by his side a soft-money trimmer for Vice-President. And this is called "a straight issue between soft and hard money," and sincere and intelligent hard-money Democrats are expected to accept it as such! Governor Tilden is a man of ability, experience, and high character, and we certainly do not mean to forget it in the conduct of this campaign. But we remember that the late English bishop Samuel Wilberforce, who was lamentably killed by a fall from his horse some time since, was also a man of brilliant ability, charm of manner, and spotless personal character. Yet his ways were such that this excellent man was familiarly called "Soapy Sam"—a name which was felt to be singularly descriptive.

That nothing may be wanting to show the utter sham of the kind of straight issue between soft and hard money which was made at St. Louis, it appears that Mr. Ewing's proposition, which was so vigorously resisted as the very demon of soft money, differed from that of Mr. Dorsheimer only in this, that while the minority demanded the repeal of the whole act, the majority asked only the repeal of its vital and significant clause, for which alone Carl Schurz and the other hearty resumptionists in Congress supported it. And when these Democratic hard-money "reformers" had repudiated the pledge of resumption, they proceeded to nominate Mr. Hendricks, who warmly sustained Allen and inflation last year in Ohio. This gentleman of easy financial virtue immediately took occasion to say that the demanded repeal of the resumption clause carries with it every feature of the law which is bringing about hurtful contraction. That is to say, the report as adopted really secures all that Ewing's minority desired; and Ewing, as Mr. Dorsheimer stated, is the most distinguished soft-money advocate in the United States. The Democratic position in this canvass is thus as palpably evasive and deceptive upon hard money as it is upon civil service reform. The honest indignation of Carl Schurz's *Westliche Post* is not surprising. "Humbug, thy name is Democratic reform."

A LETTER FROM MR. M'PHERSON.

We publish with pleasure the following letter from the President of the late National Republican Convention. Mr. M'Pherson states with clearness the essential justice of the principle, for which he ruled, of individual voting in a National Convention; and he makes a personal explanation in regard to an inaccurate assertion of the authorship of the Pennsylvania "unit" rule:

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"The candid tone of your article on 'Delegates and Instructions' (No. 1019) induces me to write you this note.

"There is one point lying behind the rules of the National Convention which has not been stated with the explicitness which it deserves, and which is of importance in judging the ruling made and affirmed at Cincinnati. It is, that if the Convention had, by its rules and judgment, permitted the enforcement of a 'unit rule' against the rule of a minority of a delegation, it would thereby have increased the relative power of the majority of that delegation in exact proportion to the strength of the minority, and would have essentially disturbed the representative character of the body itself. The 'unit rule' is, in fact, inconsistent with the Convention's law of being, unless universally applied; and, if so applied, the Convention would be no longer a Convention of *delegates*, but a Convention of units of *States*.

"That the Convention so considered is manifest from the rules adopted for its government. One of them, the sixth, provided that 'in case the vote of any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia shall be divided, the chairman shall announce the number of votes cast for any candidate, or for or against any proposition.' This plainly presupposes, as always held, the existence of a right in each member of a delegation to cast his vote in it according to his judgment, and a right to have it so announced and recorded. The chair so ruled, and the Convention so decided. If, however, the rule had been that the vote of each delegation should be reported and recorded as determined by the vote of a majority of its members, it is apparent that the Convention would have found itself organized on the extremest principle of State representation, with the whole power of the body lodged in the hands of the one, two, three, or more men who, in each case, might hold the balance of power. If this be the true theory of the Convention's life, why ask 756 men to attend it? Why not, instead, request each delegation to send its master-man? Or, why ask the smaller States to come at all, if, by this system, their entire power is to be overborne by a crafty combination between the larger States, which would thus become as inevitable as it would be easily practicable? Of course the Convention meant no such thing, said no such thing; and it would have sunk into contempt had it done either.

"An illustration, drawn from the record, will show how sophistical and delusive were all appeals for the maintenance of this 'unit rule,' how it affected the representative character of the body, and how inequitably it operated as between delegations. The total vote for admitting the Haralson delegation from Alabama was 375; for the Spencer, 354—or a majority of 21 votes, reversible by a change of 11 votes. On this question, which was submitted before the point of right was raised, Pennsylvania voted, and was recorded 58 for Spencer, whereas on a poll of the delegation, 50 participating, 37 voted for the Spencer delegation and 13 for the Haralson, or a majority of 24 for the Spencer. The 'unit rule' thus gave Spencer, in effect, 34 votes more than he had, and the voice of the minority of that delegation was unheard. Pennsylvania, with its 58 votes, it will be observed, narrowly escaped controlling the result; and 37 of its delegates had exerted by this device more power over the result than had the 147 votes belonging to the divided delegations of the *eight* States of Connecticut, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, a majority of each of whom voted on the same side with Pennsylvania! The gross inequality of consenting to give to one man in a Convention, representing in part one State, four times the electoral power given to another representing another State, requires exposure only to secure condemnation. From the very necessity of the case a representative Convention is concluded against such a policy.

"Pardon me now a word of criticism. You state, 'It was felt in the Convention that the ruling of the president was intended to help Mr. Blaine.' I do not dispute the statement, but suggest that if it be so, the Convention took counsel of something else than its judgment, and failed in discrimination. The *claim* of the four delegates who demanded their rights was avowedly in the interest of Mr. Blaine. But the ruling of the president was in the interest of that free representation which was embodied in a mandatory rule of the Convention itself—a traditional rule handed down from several previous Conventions, and which had never, under any temptation, been set aside by a Convention. Had a like demand of right been at any time made of the chair by a delegate, under like disability, desiring to vote his choice, no matter in what direction, the same ruling would have attested the inflexible purpose of the chair to enforce the rules of the body equally upon all.

"You say, further, that the ruling, though intended to help Mr. Blaine, proved disastrous to him. This has reference, it is presumed, to the vote ultimately cast by Pennsylvania. It assumes that, under any circumstances, a majority of that delegation would have cast their votes for Mr. Blaine, and on the last ballot would have nominated him, though this is only one of the necessary factors in the case. Facts scarcely warrant this confidence. When that delegation was polled for the seventh ballot, 32 voted for Mr. Blaine. In the short interval which elapsed before it was announced, two changed against him, reducing his vote to 30. Had the entire vote of the delegation depended on getting an additional unfriendly change, so as to tie the delegation and thus prevent any vote, or two changes, and thus throw the whole vote against him, it is, I think, at least rash to suppose that one or both could not have been had. But, if otherwise, and Mr. Blaine had been declared nominated by the vote of Pennsylvania, cast as a unit for him against the protest of a disfranchised minority, I feel sure, from my apprehension of his character, that he would have scorned to accept a nomination which came to him not expressing the free choice of an untrammeled majority. And in that he would have been sustained by the judgment of every sensitive and honorable man in the nation. No Presidential candidate could afford, or should be expected, to bear such a badge of dishonor.

"Permit me, in closing, a few personal words. The 'unit rule' of Pennsylvania not only instructed for Governor Hartranft, but, in terms, instructed the delegation, '*upon all questions* to be brought before or arising in the Convention, to cast the vote as a unit as a majority of the delegates shall instruct.' This rule was read to the National Convention, bearing my attestation of its passage as president of the State Convention, and I was excitedly charged with its authorship by two gentlemen, who spoke without knowledge and without accurate information. I took only as much time of the Convention on this irrelevant point as was required to make a denial, which I now reaffirm. Whoever may have inspired, or suggested, or written that rule of iron, I did neither. But if I had, it would have been my duty, nevertheless, after the adoption by the Convention of its sixth rule, to hold that the State rule had been abrogated by the paramount law of the Convention, which secured the right of each delegate to vote alone on his judgment and his responsibility to the constituency whom he represented, and which, I trust, may long remain a distinctive characteristic of the National Conventions of the Republican party. Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"Edward M'Pherson.

"Gettysburg, Pa., *July 3, 1876.*"

PERSONAL.

At the Williams College Commencement banquet, in reply to an inquiry of Dr. Prime as to when "Thanatopsis" was written, Mr. Bryant said that having joined the Sophomore Class at Williams in 1811, he left it in May, 1812, to go to Yale. He was disappointed in this because of his father's limited means, and while at his home in Cummington, one afternoon, when in his eighteenth year, after wandering through the woods, he rested under some majestic trees and wrote the poem.

—Lord Macaulay was a habitual visitor to the old bookstands of London, and, like the late Mr. Buckle, the historian, was noted as an omnivorous buyer or purchaser of what the trade call "rubbish," but in reality what afforded them material not to be got out of standard books. It is a curious fact that the present successor of the two great writers in the same tastes is Mr. Gladstone, whose familiarity with all the small book-dealers and their catalogues is equal to that attributed by his biographer to Lord Macaulay.

—The recent transfer of the remains of Louis Philippe and his family from England to France cost $20,000. A present of $1000 was given to the poor at Honfleur, where the bodies were landed, and an equal sum to the poor of Dreux, where they were buried.

—Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P., the most eloquent man Ireland has sent to Parliament since O'Connell, will visit the United States during the coming autumn to deliver lectures in several cities. He will be accompanied by his son and several Home Rule members.

—The London *Leisure Hour* pays the following compliment to our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. George W. Childs:

"Herbert and Cowper Memorial Window in Westminster Abbey.—The name of an American citizen honorably appears in Westminster Abbey in this Centennial year of Independence. The first chapel or bay in the nave, on the right in entering by the great west door, contains monuments of Wordsworth and other well-known names. It is sometimes called 'Western Poets' Corner.' Dean Stanley, in his restorations of the Abbey, proposed to place here a memorial window in honor of three poets, who had all been old Westminster boys, George Herbert, Charles Wesley, and William Cowper. The erection of a monument to John and Charles Wesley in another part of the nave confined the memorial to Herbert and Cowper. Circulars were issued asking funds for the proposed window. One of these circulars came into the hands of George William Childs, of Philadelphia, who generously offered to be at the sole expense of the memorial, as a tribute of respect from an American to these Christian poets of the old country. The offer was accepted in the spirit in which it was made. The design of the window by the Dean included a full-length portrait of the poets, in the two compartments of the window, Herbert at Bemerton and Cowper at Olney, these places being also accurately depicted in rich stained glass. Heraldic devices and other accessories completed the design, which was drawn and the work executed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, ecclesiastical architects. The window has been fixed, and underneath it is a brass tablet bearing the inscription 'd. d. [*dat dedicat*] Georgius Gulielmus Childs, Civis Americanus, mdccclxxvi.'"

—Mr. Gilbert Wyman, of Petersham, Massachusetts, has an old Bible printed in 1637. A pious man would have had it rebound a hundred years ago.

—The Rev. John Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is to be honored with a statue, which will be unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, during the present month. It stands twelve and a half feet high. The figure represents the patriotic Presbyterian in the attitude of a public speaker, wearing the ancient knee-breeches, waistcoat, and long coat of the period, with a cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulders. In one hand he holds a roll of manuscript, while the other is elegantly extended. The pose is extremely graceful and life-like, the head is well shaped and faithfully poised, and the face is true to life.

—Mr. Jay Cooke's fine residence at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, where he was wont especially to entertain the clergy in summer-time, is now closed and in charge of a son of old John Brown, who is a remarkable-looking man. His hair is exactly the color of the hair in the paintings of Christ, and worn in silky curls upon the neck as portrayed in the pictures of the Saviour. His eyes are of a clear blue, and full of kindly intelligence. Although a working-man, he has the refined manners and conversation of a gentleman, and is a decidedly interesting character.

—President Barnard, of Columbia College, in this city, advocated, in his recent address at Vanderbilt University, obligatory study of the philosophy of history and of political economy as a science. He holds that the culture which our time and our country especially demand is a culture which, while it shall place the educated man on a level with the advanced state of modern science, shall fit him above all things to be an intelligent citizen of a republic, thoroughly instructed in the duties of citizenship.

—There were certain old stagers in the St. Louis Convention who have attended every Democratic National Convention since 1844, viz., Hendrick B. Wright, of Pennsylvania, who presided at the Baltimore Convention which nominated Polk and Dallas; ex-Governor Beriah Magoffin, of Kentucky; John H. Hoover, of Michigan; and William Gellis, of Pennsylvania, who is now in his eighty-fourth year.

—Mr. Edward O'Brien, of Thomaston, Maine, has presented to his native town of Warren, in that State, $10,000, the interest of which is to be used in relieving the wants of the worthy poor.

—Mr. L. J. Jennings, formerly editor of the New York *Times*, has become the London correspondent of the New York *World*, and in his first letter speaks as follows of the new London weekly, which in a couple of years has won its way to the very front rank of English journals: "Your namesake, the London *World*, is a wonderful success, and Mr. Edmund Yates deserves all the credit for making it what it is. It is no easy job to found a newspaper in London. Mr. Yates has done it, and done it all at once, and he must be receiving not only a great deal of praise, but a fair proportion of solid pudding as well. I imagine that the *World* must have done a good deal of harm to the *Saturday Review* and some of the other weekly papers."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: Nothing of importance was done in either House on the 3d inst., and an adjournment was ordered over the Fourth.—On the 5th, both Houses agreed to the report of the conference committee on the Post-office Appropriation Bill. The difference in appropriations between the two Houses had been a little over $3,000,000. In compromising the Senate yielded $2,236,000, and the House $826,000. The following is the new provision concerning third-class matter: "All third-class mail matter, except unsealed circulars, shall be transmitted at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each additional two ounces; and the sender may write his name therein or outside, preceded by the word 'from,' or may write briefly or may print on any package the number and name of articles inclosed; and publishers of magazines, etc., may print thereon the time at which subscriptions were paid; and the address on postal cards or unsealed circulars may be written, printed, or affixed, at the option of the sender." The present rate of one cent per ounce for all merchandise remains unchanged. The Senate passed a resolution pledging Congress to the completion of the Washington Monument, and also voted to pay Mr. Pinchback his expenses and mileage attending his contest for a seat in the Senate. The bill to encourage and promote telegraphic communication between America and Asia was also passed by the Senate.—The impeachment trial of General Belknap was begun in the Senate on the 6th. Several witnesses were examined. The House conference committee on the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill reported that the committee had been unable to agree. A new committee was then appointed. Conference committees were also ordered on the Silver Bill and the Sundry Civil Appropriations Bill.

A fierce tornado blew over Central Iowa, on the 3d and 4th inst., causing great destruction of life and property. At Fort Madison the St. Joseph Roman Catholic Church steeple, 226 feet in height, was blown down, demolishing the building. All the other churches were more or less damaged. The Park House was completely wrecked. Forty houses were unroofed, and nearly every dwelling was seriously damaged. At South Burlington in an instant three men were killed and many injured, and twenty-nine buildings were destroyed. The village of Rockdale was inundated by the breaking of a mill-dam during the storm, and thirty-eight persons were drowned. Every house was swept away. In Madison and Warren counties fifteen persons were killed.

The New York State Prohibition Convention met at Syracuse, on the 6th, and nominated Hon. William J. Groo, of Orange, for Governor, and Albert F. Brown, of Niagara, for Lieutenant-Governor. The Massachusetts Prohibitionists on the same day again nominated John J. Baker for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Turco-Servian war is progressing. On Sunday, the 2d inst., the Servian forces invaded Turkish territory at three points, and on the same day the Prince of Montenegro entered Herzegovina at the head of his army. A fierce battle took place on the plains of Urkub and at Belina. Both sides claim the victory. Ten thousand of the Imperial Guard have been sent forward from Constantinople to meet the invaders. The Porte has officially notified Austria that it will abstain from naval operations on the Danube. The London *Times* has a dispatch stating that "there is a complete panic among the Mussulman Herzegovinians at the approach of the Montenegrins, and they have taken refuge in the fortresses. The country is apparently abandoned. The reported Turkish successes on this side are fabrications."

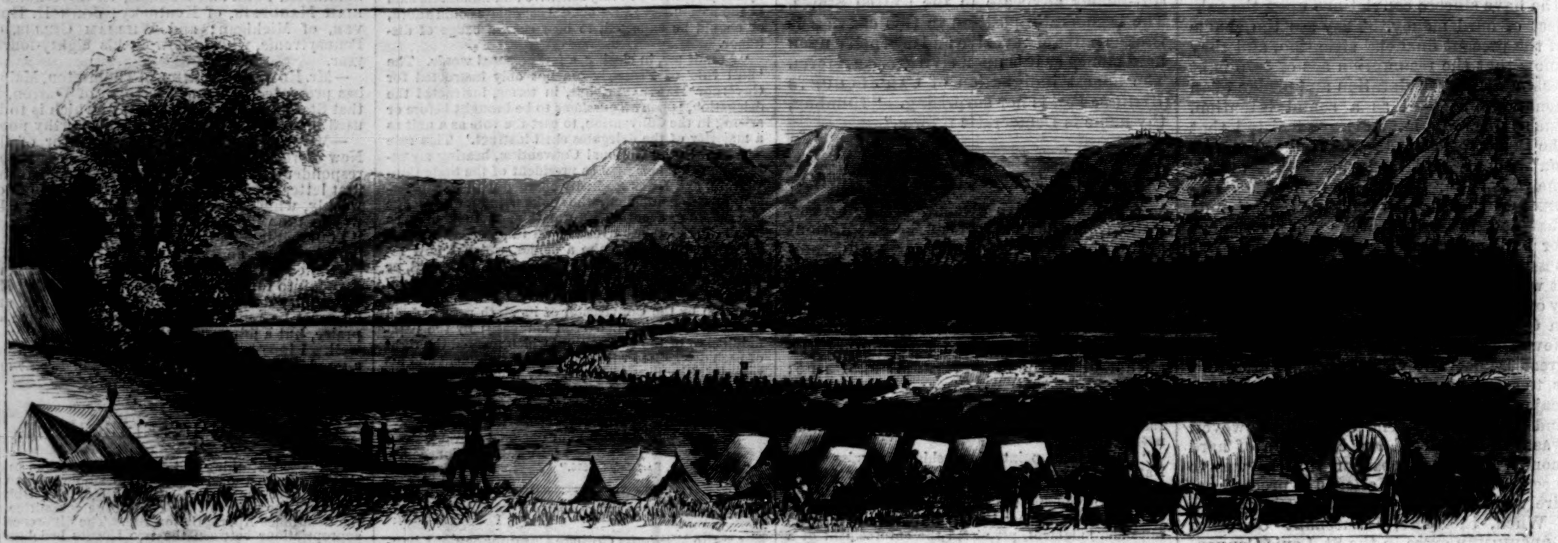
The Governor of the Dutch East Indies telegraphs confirming the report of the loss of the steamer *Lieutenant-General Kroesen* in the Straits of Sunda. Two hundred and thirty persons were drowned.

General Santa Anna died in Mexico, on the 20th ult., aged seventy-eight years. M. Casimir-Périer, the French statesman, died in Paris on the 6th inst.

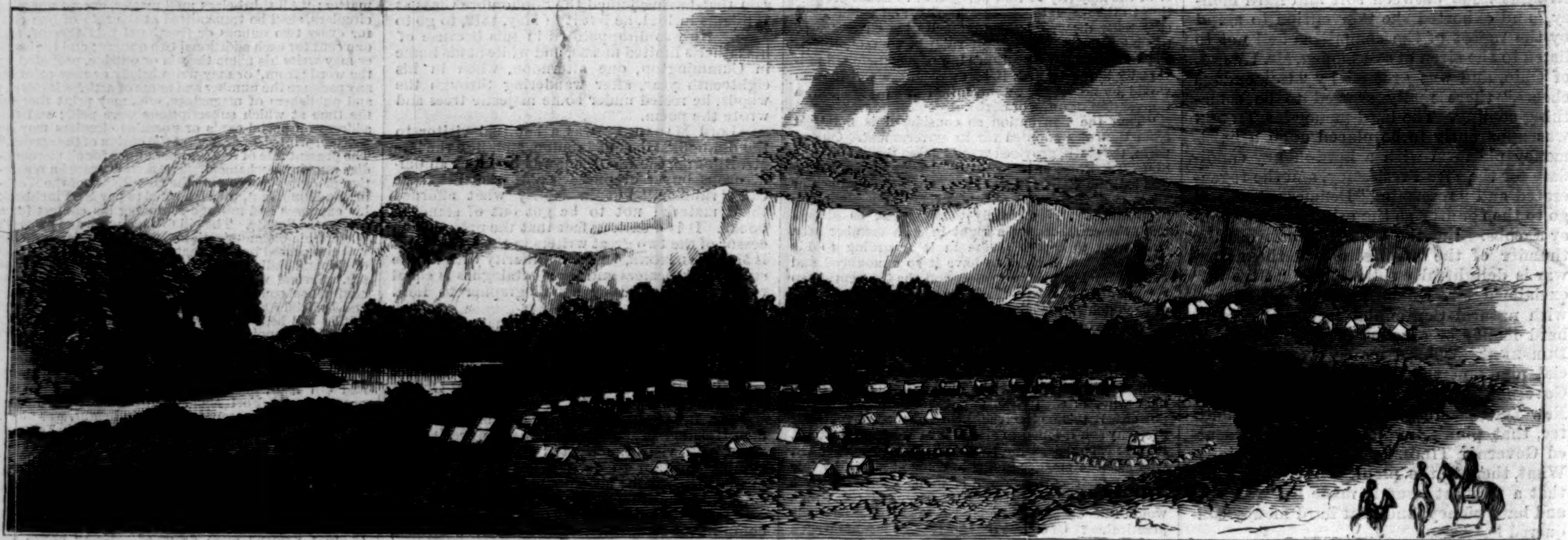
In the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 6th inst., M. Montjau, in view of the recent prosecution of *Les Droits de l'Homme* for publishing articles from the pen of Henri Rochefort, moved the abolition of the decree of 1852 prohibiting convicts from writing newspaper articles. In spite of the strenuous opposition of Minister Dufaure, "urgency" was voted for the motion by 227 yeas to 147 nays. The Legitimist and Bonapartist Deputies abstained from voting, in order to place the government in a minority. The Extreme Left cheered on the announcement of the result.

MASSACRE MONUMENT.

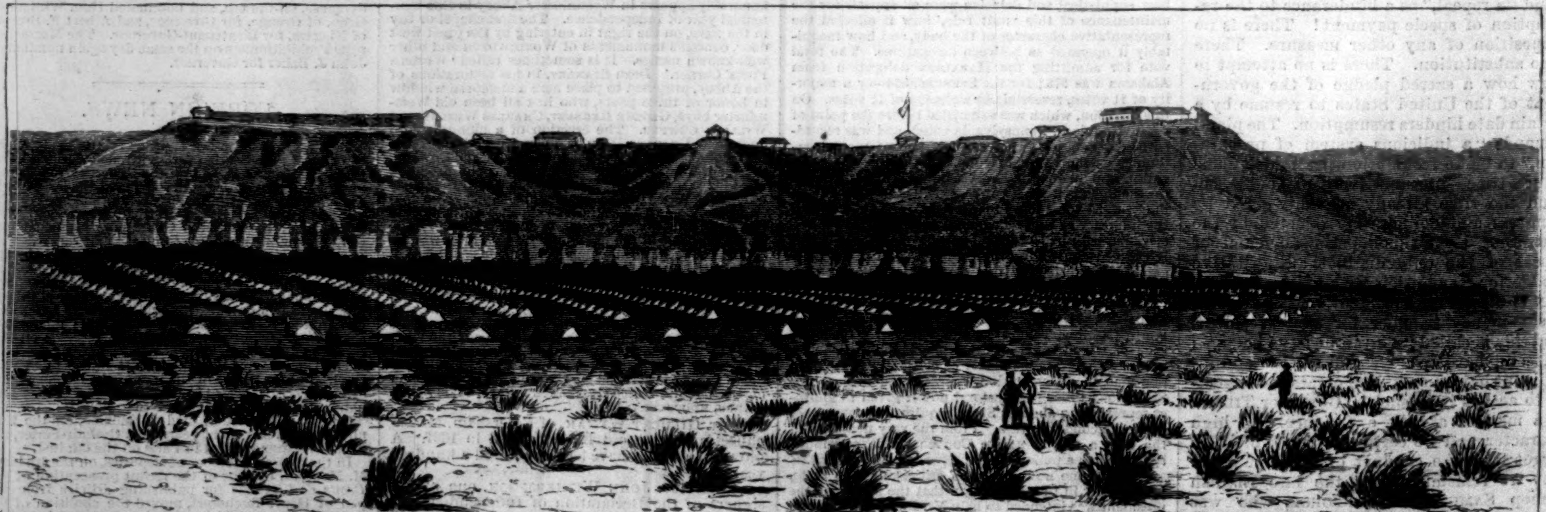
ROSEBUD RIVER, FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE YELLOWSTONE.



CROOK'S FIGHT ON TONGUE RIVER, JUNE 9.

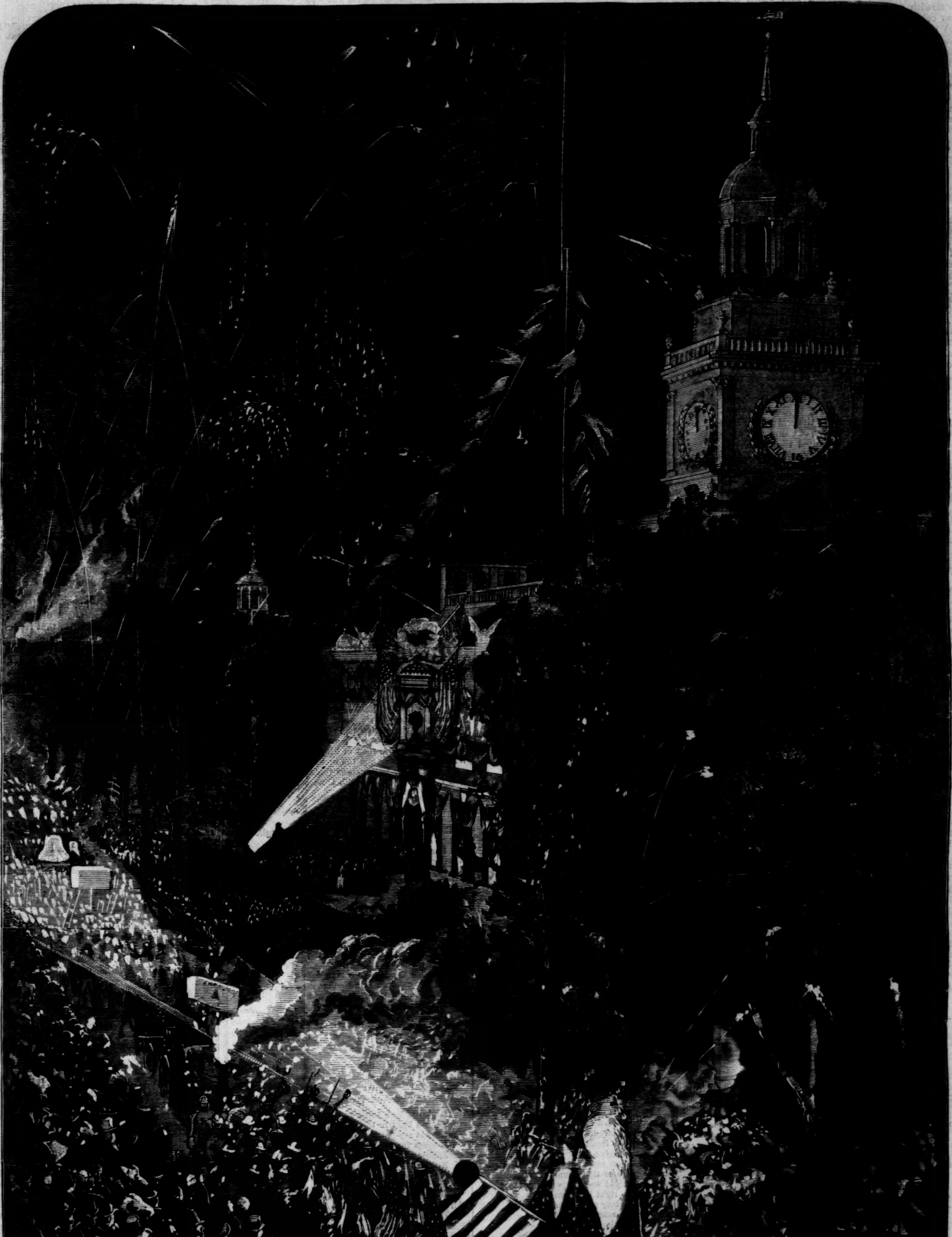


CROOK'S SUPPLY CAMP, ON TONGUE RIVER, MOUTH OF PRAIRIE-DOG CREEK.



FORT FETTERMAN.

THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OFFICERS IN THE FIELD.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE MONTANA SLAUGHTER," PAGE 598.]



THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH—ILLUMINATION OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 594.]

THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH.

OUR illustrated pages this week bear witness to the fervor and enthusiasm with which the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birthday was celebrated throughout the land. Of course the grand centre of attraction for the whole country was the city where the Declaration that made America free and independent was adopted, signed, and published to the world, and there the preparations for the celebration were made upon a grand scale. Thousands of strangers flocked to the city during the entire day and evening, the railroad trains carrying treble their usual number of passengers. All the principal thoroughfares were crowded. Our picture on page 593 shows the illumination of Independence Hall, while that on page 597 gives the scene in Independence Square, where RICHARD HENRY LEE, grandson of one of the signers, read the Declaration from the original manuscript to an enthusiastic audience. A platform covered with awnings, and capable of seating about four thousand people, had been erected in the square. Here sat the invited guests, while the open space beyond was filled with thousands of people, who, in spite of the broiling sun, listened attentively to the reading, to Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR's admirable ode, and to the eloquent oration of Mr. EVARTS.

Among the distinguished personages who occupied chairs in the rear of the speakers' stand were Dom PEDRO, of Brazil; Governor RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, Republican candidate for President of the United States; Vice-President of the United States, T. W. FERRY; Governor BAGLEY, of Michigan; Hon. WILLIAM D. KELLEY; Ex-Governor NOYES, of Ohio; Rev. Dr. SOMMERVILLE, of Scotland; HENRY LIPPITT, Governor of Rhode Island; Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL, of Halifax; Governor AXTELL, of New Mexico; Bishop HOWE, of Central Pennsylvania; Bishop SIMPSON, of the Methodist Church; General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN; General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN; WILLIAM H. DUDLEY, of Camden; Pay-Inspector RUSSELL, of the United States navy; Brevet Brigadier-General J. W. FORSYTHE, aid-de-camp to General SHERIDAN; and Colonel MERRELL, of the Seventh Cavalry. There were also present the members of the Centennial Commission, Centennial Board of Finance, and the gentlemen who participated directly in the ceremonies of the day.

In New York and Brooklyn the day was celebrated in a manner worthy of the occasion. On page 596 we give a sketch of the magnificent illumination at Union Square, and on page 600 one of the scene at Madison Square, on the night of the 3d. In the latter sketch is portrayed a portion of the grand procession as it passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Both New York and Brooklyn were brilliantly illuminated, and the streets were crowded with people till long after midnight. It was observed that the celebration was the most orderly and quiet we have had for years. But few persons among the immense concourse of people were intoxicated, and there was a total absence of the rows and fights which have sometimes disgraced the day. It is to be hoped that this is a good omen, as it was certainly a good beginning, for the second century of the republic. Another commendable feature was the marked decrease in noisy demonstrations on the Fourth. The money that has usually been expended to make the day hideous with the explosion of fire-arms, fire-crackers, and other racket-producing inventions was wisely given to the purchase of flags and lanterns and other decorations, which gave the streets a brilliant and attractive appearance. There was noise enough, it is true, but the diminution of the nuisance was perceptible and gratifying.

The various features of the celebration of the Fourth have been so fully recorded in the daily press that it would be useless to give a description of them here; but we can not forbear to adorn our columns with BAYARD TAYLOR's magnificent ode. Our readers will be glad to have it in a form for preservation:

THE NATIONAL ODE.

JULY 4, 1876.

I.—1.

SUN of the stately Day,
Let Asia into the shadow drift,
Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,
And over the severing ocean lift
A brow of broader splendor!
Give light to the eager eyes
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise:
The gladness of morning lend her,
With the triumph of noon attend her,
And the peace of the vesper skies!
For lo! she cometh now
With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,
Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,
To smile on the love we bear her—
To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,
Liberty's latest daughter!
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,
We found her traces;
On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,
We heard her call;
When the lines of battle broke,
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;
Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,
We followed, and found her
With the grace of a virgin Nation
As a sacred zone around her!
Who shall rejoice
With a righteous voice,
Far-heard through the ages, if not she?
For the menace is dumb that defied her,
The doubt is dead that denied her,
And she stands acknowledged, and strong and free!

II.—1.

Ah, hark! the solemn under-tone
On every wind of human story blown.
A large, divinely moulded Fate
Questions the right and purpose of a State,
And in its plan sublime
Our eras are the dust of Time.
The far-off Yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy feet,
Invades the lordship of the hour,
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.
From all unchronicled and silent ages
Before the Future first begot the Past,
Till History dared, at last,
To write eternal words on granite pages;
From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,
And where, uplifted white and far,
Earth highest yearns to meet a star,
And Man his manhood by the Ganges found—
Imperial heads, of old millennial sway,
And still by some pale splendor crowned,
Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,
In ghostly grandeur rise
And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes,
"Thou that assertest freedom, power, and fame,
Declare to us thy claim!"

I.—2.

On the shores of a Continent cast,
She won the inviolate soil
By loss of heirdom of all the Past,
And faith in the royal right of Toil!
She planted homes on the savage sod:
Into the wilderness lone
She walked with fearless feet,
In her hand the divining-rod,
Till the veins of the mountains beat
With fire of metal and force of stone!
She set the speed of the river-head
To turn the mills of her bread;
She drove her plowshare deep
Through the prairie's thousand-centuried sleep;
To the South, and West, and North,
She called Pathfinder forth,
Her faithful and sole companion,
Where the flushed Sierra, snowy-starred,
Her way to the sunset barred,
And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam
Channeled the terrible canyon!
Nor paused, till her uttermost home
Was built, in the smile of a softer sky
And the glory of beauty still to be,
Where the haunted waves of Asia die
On the strand of the world-wide sea!

II.—2.

The race, in conquering,
Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows:
Whether in veins of serf or king,
Our ancient blood beats restless in repose.
Challenge of Nature unsubdued
Awaits not Man's defiant answer long;
For hardship, even as wrong,
Provokes the level-eyed, heroic mood.
This for herself she did; but that which lies,
As over earth the skies,
Blending all forms in one benignant glow—
Crowned conscience, tender care,
Justice, that answers every bondman's prayer,
Freedom where Faith may lead or Thought may dare,
The power of minds that know,
Passion of hearts that feel,
Purchased by blood and woe,
Guarded by fire and steel,
Hath she secured? What blazon on her shield,
In the clear Century's light
Shines to the world revealed,
Declaring nobler triumph, born of Right?

I.—3.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man:
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite:
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!

II.—3.

Bow down!
Doff thine æonian crown!
One hour forget
The glory, and recall the debt:
Make expiation,
Of humbler mood,
For the pride of thine exultation
O'er peril conquered and strife subdued!
But half the right is wrested
When victory yields her prize,
And half the marrow tested
When old endurance dies.
In the sight of them that love thee,
Bow to the Greater above thee!
He faileth not to smite
The idle ownership of Right,
Nor spares to sinews fresh from trial,
And virtue schooled in long denial,
The tests that wait for thee
In larger perils of prosperity.
Here, at the Century's awful shrine,
Bow to thy Fathers' God—and thine!

I.—4.

Behold! she bendeth now,
Humbling the chaplet of her hundred years:
There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,
And in her eyes are sacred tears.
Can she forget,
In present joy, the burden of her debt,
When for a captive race
She grandly staked and won
The total promise of her power begun,
And bared her bosom's grace
To the sharp wound that inly tortures yet?
Can she forget
The million graves her young devotion set,
The hands that clasp above
From either side, in sad, returning love?
Can she forget,
Here, where the Ruler of to-day,
The Citizen of to-morrow,
And equal thousands to rejoice and pray
Beside these holy walls are met,
Her birth-cry, mixed of keenest bliss and sorrow?
Where, on July's immortal morn
Held forth, the People saw her head
And shouted to the world, "The King is dead,
But, lo! the Heir is born!"
When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,
In Farmer, Soldier, Priest, and Sage,
Arose and cast upon her
Baptismal garments—never robes so fair
Clad prince in Old-World air—
Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!

II.—4.

Arise! Recrown thy head,
Radiant with blessing of the Dead!
Bear from this hallowed place
The prayer that purifies thy lips,
The light of courage that defies eclipse,
The rose of Man's new morning on thy face!
Let no iconoclast
Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,
To make a blank where Adams stood,
To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,
Spoil crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,
Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's blood!
Hearken, as from that haunted hall
Their voices call:
"We lived and died for thee:
We greatly dared that thou might'st be.
So, from thy children still
We claim denials which at last fulfill,
And freedom yielded to preserve thee free!
Beside clear-hearted Right
That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,
Plant Duties that requite,
And Order that sustains, upon thy sod,
And stand in stainless might
Above all self, and only less than God!"

III.—1.

Here may thy solemn challenge end,
All-proving Past, and each discordance die
Of doubtful augury,
Or in one choral with the Present blend,
And that half-heard, sweet harmony
Of something nobler that our sons may see!
Though poignant memories burn
Of days that were, and may again return,
When thy fleet feet, O Huntress of the Woods,
The slippery brinks of danger knew,
And dim the eyesight grew
That was so sure in thine old solitudes—
Yet stays some richer sense
Won from the mixture of thine elements,
To guide the vagrant scheme,
And winnow truth from each conflicting dream!
Yet in thy blood shall live
Some force unspent, some essence primitive,
To seize the highest use of things;
For Fate, to mould thee to her plan,
Denied thee food of kings,
Withheld the udder and the orchard fruits,
Fed thee with savage roots,
And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of man!

III.—2.

O sacred Woman-Form,
Of the first People's need and passion wrought—
No thin, pale ghost of Thought,
But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm—
Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills;
Clear-eyed beneath Athené's helm of gold;
Or from Rome's central seat
Hearing the pulses of the Continents beat
In thunder where her legions rolled;
Compact of high heroic hearts and wills,
Whose being circles all
The selfless aims of men, and all fulfills;
Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall;
Goddess, that as a Nation lives,
And as a Nation dies,
That for her children as a man defies,
And to her children as a mother gives,—
Take our fresh fealty now!
No more a Chieftainess, with wampum zone
And feather-cinctured brow—
No more a new Britannia, grown
To spread an equal banner to the breeze,
And lift thy trident o'er the double seas;
But with unborrowed crest,
In thine own native beauty dressed—
The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine own!

III.—3.

Look up, look forth and on!
There's light in the dawning sky:
The clouds are parting, the night is gone:
Prepare for the work of the day!
Fallow thy pastures lie
And far thy shepherds stray,
And the fields of thy vast domain
Are waiting for purer seed
Of knowledge, desire, and deed,
For keener sunshine and mellower rain!
But keep thy garments pure:
Pluck them back with the old disdain,
From touch of the hands that stain!
So shall thy strength endure.
Transmute into good the gold of Gain,
Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,
Till the bounty of coming hours
Shall plant, on thy fields apart,
With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art!
Be watchful, and keep us so:
Be strong, and fear no foe:
Be just, and the world shall know!
With the same love love us, as we give;
And the day shall never come
That finds us weak or dumb
To join and smite and cry
In the great task, for thee to die,
And the greater task, for thee to live!

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

COMING HOME.

THEY staid in Como till late in October, now here, now there, as caprice guided their steps. Sometimes Mrs. Beresford would be pleased to be quiet, to float about the lake in the boat, doing nothing, taking in the air and the sunshine, or at her window watching the storms that would sometimes come with little warning, turning the lovely Italian lake in a moment into a wild Highland loch, that always delighted her. She liked the storms, until one day a boat was upset, which had a great effect upon her mind. The people about her thought her heartless in her investigations into this accident, which threw several poor families into dire trouble and sorrow.

"Would the men die directly?" she asked; "or would they have time to think and time to struggle?"

Her husband reminded her of the common idea that all the scenes of your life were before you, as in a panorama, when you are drowning.

"I should not like that," she said, with a shiver. Then Abbondio interposed, he to whom the boat belonged which the Beresfords hired, and told how he had been drowned once.

"They brought me back," he said; "and I shall have to die twice now, which is hard upon a man, for I was gone. If they had not brought me back, I should never have known any thing more. No, signora, I did not see all my life. I felt only that I had slipped the net, and was grasping and grasping at it, and could not get it."

"That was painful," she said, eagerly.

"It was a confusion," said the fisherman.

Mrs. Beresford called to her husband to give him some money for the poor widows who had lost their men in the boat. "A confusion," she said to herself, dreamily. It was a very still day after the storm, and she had been looking with a strange wistfulness at the soft blue ripples of the water which had drowned these men. "A confusion! How strange it is that we know so little about dying! A lingering death would be good for that, that you could write it down hour by hour that others might know."

"One would not be able," said her husband. "Besides, I think every thing gets misty; and one ceases to be interested about other people. I don't much believe those stories that represent passionate feeling in the dying. The soul gets languid. Did I ever tell you what a friend of mine said, who was dead like Abbondio till the doctors got hold of him and forced him back?"

"No," she said, growing very pale; "tell me, James."

"She told me that she felt nothing that was painful, but as if she was floating away on the sea above Capri, where she had once been. Do you remember the sea there, how blue it is about those great Fariglian rocks? And there she was floating—floating—not suffering; mind and body all softly afloat, until they got hold of her, as I say, and forced her back."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Beresford, with a shiver, "I should not like to be forced back. Poor soul! She will have to die once again some time; but if it was only like that, she will not be much afraid."

"She was as far gone as she could go to come back, I have heard. What queer talk this is, my darling! The accident has spoiled all our pleasure."

"No, it is pleasant talk. I like that idea of floating; it is better, far better, than Abbondio's confusion; but that, I suppose, was because of the suddenness in his case, and clutching at something, perhaps, as he got into the water. It was not an accident with her, no dying of an illness as we poor women do."

"And most men, Annie; the greater part of us all."

"Yes, yes, I know. Poor woman! And they brought her back?"

"Her family was round her bed, my darling, praying for her life, asking nothing but to get her back. You don't consider her children, and her husband. Don't let us talk of it. It makes me think of jumping into this wicked lake, and getting it all over."

"Ah! do you feel like that, too? It is wicked, James; how dare you think such things? Take me back home; yes, home. I am tired of this place. It is all very well when it is fine, but winter is coming. To-morrow let us go home."

He took her to the shore with a few long sweeps of the oars, glad in his heart of that decision. He, too, was very tired of the place; more tired of the eternal shining than of the stones, and it was getting late in the year for the Alps. Nevertheless, it was by the Alps that this capricious woman insisted upon returning, and they had something very near destruction in the snows, which roused and pleased her mightily. After the excitement, however, nothing would please her but to rush to London with the utmost speed. She objected to have a night in Paris. She had been seized with a passion of longing for the humdrum Square.

Miss Cherry brought Cara up from Sunninghill to be at home to receive her mother. But the pair of travelers had stolen a march upon the household, and instead of waiting to be received in a proper manner in the evening, with dinner ready and every thing comfortable, had arrived at an absurd hour in the morning, before the maids were out of bed, and when there was not a thing in the house. Cook herself came, much aggrieved, to tell Miss Cherry this, while Cara ran

up stairs to her mother's room. "I don't make no doubt as folks get very fanciful when they're ill; but still, miss, there's reason in all things. At six o'clock in the morning, and we not up, as why should we be, not thinking of nothing of the sort, and not a thing in the house?"

"It was hard, Cook," said the sympathetic Miss Cherry; "but then, you know, my brother had a right to come to his own house when he pleased. Coming home is not like going any where else. But I hope Mrs. Beresford is looking better?"

"Better!" said Cook, spreading out her hands; and Sarah, the house-maid, shook her head and put her apron to her eyes.

"Dear, dear!" said kind Miss Cherry, appalled by their tears; "but traveling all night makes any one look ill. I shall not go up until she has had a good look at her child. Miss Cara is like a little rose."

"So she is, miss, bless her," assented the maids; and Cherry had to wait for a long time in the library before even her brother came to her. One thing struck her with great surprise, there were no boxes about half emptied, in which precious fragilities were packed in straw and wicker case. The Buen Retiro cup was the only thing they had bought, and that was among Mrs. Beresford's things—smashed; and they had both forgotten its very existence. No more wonderful sign could have been of the changed times.

When Miss Cherry in her turn was introduced into the bedroom in which Mrs. Beresford lay, holding a *levée* in bed, she all but cried out with sudden panic. She only just stopped herself in time; her mouth was open; her tongue in the very act of forming the "Oh!" when her brother's look stopped her. Not that he saw what she was going to say, or all the effect his wife's changed looks had upon her. He himself had got used to them. He asked her, half aside, "How do you think she is looking?" with an eager look in his eyes.

"She is looking—tired," said Miss Cherry. "Most people do after traveling all night. I could not have lifted my head from the pillow; but Annie had always so much spirit."

"Yes; she has no end of spirit," said poor James Beresford, looking admiringly at his wife. He flattered himself, poor fellow! that Cherry had not remarked the thinness of the worn face, beside which her own faintly colored old maid's almost looked fresh and round and blooming. He had been alarmed at the thought of what "they" would think of her looks; but now his spirits rose. Cherry did not seem to have remarked it; and what a hypocrite poor Cherry felt sitting there smiling with her heart sinking more and more every moment! "What will he do without his wife?" she was asking herself. And, alas! that wife's worn looks, her fretful little outbursts of impatience, all her caprices and restlessness, betrayed a progress of evil more rapid than any one had ever feared.

"Does Mr. Maxwell know you have come back? He will want to see you. He was always so anxious to have news of you," she said, falteringly.

"We have forgotten what doctors are like," said Mrs. Beresford. "I don't want ever to renew my acquaintance with them. James, send him a note and let him come to dinner. Yes, Cara! What has my pet got to say?"

"You said two different things at once, mamma—that you did not want to see doctors again, and that Mr. Maxwell was to come to dinner."

"I told you she was an idealist," said Mrs. Beresford, smiling. Then, changing—as she had got into a way of doing—in a moment, she added, "Get down from the bed, Cara; you tire me. There, sit there, further back. Children flutter so; they are always in motion. Cherry is still—she is a comfort—and James. Mrs. Meredith can come, if she likes to come before I get up. She is a soft, tranquil woman, like Cherry; silly, perhaps, but that does not matter. When one is overtired, silly people who don't fatigue one are the best—"

"I wonder does she think me silly?" Miss Cherry said to herself; and it is to be feared there was not much doubt on the subject. After she had made this speech about Mrs. Meredith, next door, the invalid sent them all away, that she might rest. This was no more than a passing fancy, like other notions that flitted across her restless brain. She then went down softly to the library, avoiding by common consent the drawing-room, which was her room, and so closely associated with all her ways. Then James Beresford interrogated his sister very closely. "You don't see a very great change—nothing more than you expected?" He was tired too, poor fellow! worn out in body and in soul.

"I think you should see Mr. Maxwell at once," said Miss Cherry, who was timid, and did not like to commit herself. "What does it matter what I think, who don't know? I think she is perhaps—more worn than I expected; but then she has been traveling all night. Perhaps you ought not to have allowed her to do so much."

"I? How could I help it? and I was too thankful to get home. How I hate those pleasure places! the more beautiful they are, the more terrible. I dreamt this. I shall never be able to endure mountains and echoes again—till Annie is better," he added, with such a miserable pretense at a smile that his kind sister almost broke down. She made up her mind to remain at his entreaty, though there was a doubt in the minds of both whether the invalid would like it. "Annie will be pleased, I am sure," he said. How well they all understood it! But quiet Miss Cherry felt no anger with the fanciful, capricious, suffering woman, who meant happiness in this house, notwithstanding all her uncertain moods and ways.

"I will tell her I have something to do in town, and ask her to give me a bed for a few nights."

"Aunt Cherry, you had nothing to do when we started; you meant to go home to-day."

"Yes, Cara; but I should like to see your mamma get a little better."

"Then please tell her so," said the child; "*please* tell her so. I know what you think. You think she is very, very ill; but you will not say it. You try to deceive papa and me, and her too. I can not bear to be deceived."

"My dear, some time or other you will learn to know that one must not say every thing one thinks, though indeed, indeed, I would always have you say the truth."

"I shall never learn not to say what I think," said the little girl, with erect head and severe blue eyes fixed upon her aunt disapprovingly. Miss Cherry was nervous and easily disturbed. She could not bear even Cara's disapproval, and she began to cry in spite of herself, even then not quite ingenuously she felt, for her disturbed nerves and her distress and sympathy for her brother were at the bottom of her emotion, though Cara's severity gave an immediate reason for her tears.

Mrs. Beresford was better in the evening, and came down to dinner, putting on one of her prettiest dresses in honor of the return. "I have worn nothing but gray alpaca for months," she said. "Like you, Cherry, I am quite glad to get out of it, and feel at home again. We have had rather a long spell of honey-mooning this time, and we were beginning to get tired of each other; but it was the last, you know, for Cara is to go with us next year."

Cara, who was sitting by, began to speak. "If—" she said, and then stopped, arrested in spite of herself by such a passionate look as she had never seen before in her father's eyes.

"If—what? You think I shall change my mind? Ah, Mr. Maxwell, how do you do? Am I feeling strong? Well, not strong, perhaps, but very well to-night. I have ups and downs. And poor James there, whom I have punished severely, will tell you I have grown the most fanciful, troublesome, capricious woman. James!"

He had taken Cara into a corner, and was whispering to her, in a voice which made the child tremble, "If you say a word, if you vex your mother or frighten her with this idiotic sincerity of yours, by Heaven, I'll kill you!" clinching his hand. "Capricious! Yes, you never saw any thing like it, Maxwell. Such a round as she has led me—such a life as I have had!" And he laughed. Heaven help them! they all laughed, pretending to see the joke, while the child in the corner, her little frame thrilling in every nerve with that strange violent whisper, the first roughness that had ever come her way, sat staring at the group in a trance of wonder. What did it mean? Why were they false all of them, crying when she was not there, pretending to laugh as soon as they turned to her? It was Cara's first introduction to the mysteries of life.

That night, when Miss Cherry had cried herself nearly blind, after a stolen interview with the doctor in the passage as he left the house, she was frightened nearly out of her wits by a sudden apparition. It was late, for Cherry, though used to early hours, had not been able to think of sleep after the doctor's melancholy shake of the head and whisper of "I fear the worst." She was sitting sadly thinking of what that pretty house would be with the mistress gone. What would become of James? Some men had work to occupy them. Some men were absorbed in the out-door life which makes a woman less the companion perpetual and cherished; but James! Cherry Beresford was so different a woman from her sister-in-law, that the affection between them had been limited, and almost conventional; the enforced union of relations, not any thing spontaneous; for where mutual understanding is not, there can not be much love. But this did not blind her perception as to what his wife was to James. She had not been very much to him, nor he to her. They had loved each other calmly, like brother and sister, but they had not been companions since they were children. Cherry, who was very simple and true, not deceiving herself any more than other people, knew very well that she could never fill for him any thing of the place his wife had left vacant. Her heart would bleed for him; but that was all—and what would become of him? She shivered and wept at the thought, but could think of nothing—nothing! What would poor James do?

When Cara came stalking in before her in her night-gown, with a candle in her hand, white and chill as a little ghost, her face very pale, her brown hair hanging about her shoulders, her white bare feet showing below her night-dress, all lighted up by the candle she carried, "I have come to ask you what it all means," the child said; "none of you say what is true. You laugh when I can see you are more like crying, and you make jokes, and you tell—lies. Have you all gone mad, Aunt Cherry? or what does it mean?"

Upon this a little burst of impatience came to Miss Cherry, which was an ease to her overwrought feelings. "You little disagreeable, tiresome child! How dare you make yourself a judge of other people! Are you so wise or so sensible that you should be able to say exactly what is right and what is wrong? I wonder at you, Cara! When you see us unhappy, all upset and miserable about your poor mamma."

"But why? To tell me—lies, will that make her well?"

"You should have been whipped!" cried the indignant lady. "Oh, you should have been whipped when you were a small child, and then you never would have dared to speak so to me, and to your poor father, whose heart is broken! Would you like us to go and tell her how ill she is, and beg of her to make haste and die? Poor, poor Annie! that is what would be best for her, to get rid of the pain. Is that what you will like us to do?"

"Oh, Aunt Cherry, Aunt Cherry, don't say that mamma—that mamma—"

"No, my darling, I can't say it," cried Miss Cherry, drawing the child into her arms, kissing and crying over her. "I won't say it. I'll never, never give up hope. Doctors are deceived every day. Nobody can tell what may happen, and God hears prayers when we pray with all our hearts. But that's why we hide our feelings, Cara; why we laugh, dear, when we would like to cry; why we try to talk as if we were happy when we are very sad; for she would give up hope if she once knew—"

"And would that make any difference?" said the child, in all the impenetrability of wonder, one revelation bursting upon her after another, feeling this new dark mysterious world beyond her powers.

"Would hope make any difference?" cried Miss Cherry. "Oh, child, how little you know! It is hope that makes all the difference. If you think things are going well, it helps them to go well—it keeps up your strength, it cheers your heart, it makes you a different creature. Every thing, every thing lies in keeping up hope."

"I don't understand," said Cara, slowly. She had pushed open a door unawares into a spiritual world of which she knew nothing. She had not one of the happy superficial natures which sail over mysteries. That which was deeper than fact and truer than truth was a perplexity and aching wonder to the child. She could not fathom it; she had but just discovered it. She stood quite still while Miss Cherry explained to her as well as she could how nothing must be said or done that would alarm the patient, how every thing must be made smooth and kept cheerful round. "And, Cara, you will remember—you will say nothing to frighten her, whatever you may hear. If she should suffer very much, you must always look as if you felt sure she would soon be better."

"Even if it is not true?"

"Oh, my dear child, the only way to mend that is to pray to God day and night, day and night, to make it true! He can and He will—or, oh, Cara, we hope He will!" cried Miss Cherry, with tears. "And you can help by always praying, and always being cheerful. Look at your poor papa, how he smiles and jokes, and his heart is breaking all the time."

"His heart is breaking!" said Cara, under her breath.

"But if we all do what we can, and are cheerful, and trust in God, she may get better, dear. There is so much we can do. That is how I try to keep up my heart. We must never look frightened, never let her get alarmed. Keep cheerful, cheerful, Cara, whatever we do."

The child went back to bed with her head buzzing full of strange thoughts. She knew very well that nurse had often exhorted her to patience under toothache, for instance, as the best cure; but it never had cured in Cara's experience. Was cheerfulness likely to do in her mother's, and smiles instead of crying, and people saying things they did not believe? Such knowledge was too high for her. It confused her head, and made it ache and throb with the multitude of her thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SUN-STROKES, always more or less frequent during the summer, often increase to an alarming extent during a long-continued "heated term." It is better to know how to avoid than how to remedy this catastrophe, although information on both points is desirable. A report on the nature of sun-stroke and its remedies was recently submitted to the Board of Health by the Sanitary Committee; and although the hints contained in it may not be new, they are important enough to be borne in mind during the hot season, and we give a condensation of them: Sun-stroke is caused by excessive heat, especially when the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping-rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose. It is much more likely to attack those working in the sun in the middle of the day. Wear thin clothing. Have your sleeping-room as cool as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working in-doors, and where there is artificial heat, see that the rooms are well ventilated. If working in the sun, wear a light-colored straw hat, and put inside of it, on the head, a wet cloth or a large green leaf. Keep the cloth wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink sufficient water to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, wherever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella when walking, a canvas or board cover where working in the sun. When feeling specially fatigued, do not continue work in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in as shady and cool a place as possible, apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting, give the person cool water or cold black tea or coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a cloth. If no ice is at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a tea-spoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) in two table-spoonfuls of water, with a little sugar.

The number of fires recorded in the morning papers of July 5 as having occurred on the 4th in this city was sixty-four. In consequence of the vigilance of the police and the prompt action of the fire companies, the damage in most of these cases was comparatively trifling. But unless great care had been exercised, the most fatal results might have followed. New York was as dry as a tinder-box; for nearly a fortnight there had been a continuous "heated term," and scarcely a shower had fallen; a high wind prevailed during the 3d and the 4th of July—and an unnoticed spark might have swept away some of the fairest portions of our city.

The "casualty list" of the Fourth numbered fifty in New York, although in some instances several persons were injured by one accident. Probably this "list" did not by any means include all the "casualties" which occurred. But if it did, the "Centennial Fourth" was not more disastrous to life and limb than the ordinary Independence-day.

A gang of skillful counterfeiters were arrested not long since in Brooklyn. For months past spurious notes have been circulating through the country, and detectives have been on the watch to discover where they originated. The officers gained admittance to the lodgings of the suspected persons, and found counterfeiting operations going on extensively. Notes representing more than $75,000 were in process of drying, and the criminals were arrested on the spot. It is estimated that about $50,000 have been put in circulation already. So far as has been ascertained, there have been issued counterfeits on the Merchants' National Bank of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the Hampden National Bank of Westfield, Massachusetts, the National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts, and the National Bank of Castleton, New York.

One day, not long since, a "fat boy" from the far West presented himself at one of the gates of the Centennial grounds for admission. The "boy" had his fifty-cent piece in his hand, and demanded to be let in. Alas! it was found that it was impossible for him to pass through any of the turnstiles, and the gate-keepers, having orders to admit no one by any other way, were nonplused. The Department of Admissions was applied to, a brief consultation held, and the "boy" passed in through the wagon-way.

An exchange says that any family man who says he is too poor to take a newspaper, should be indicted by the Grand Jury for obtaining a family under false pretenses.

A new apparatus for ventilating purposes has been introduced into Wallack's Theatre. Fresh air is forced into the cellar at the rate of 1000 feet per minute by a fan-wheel eight feet in diameter, and distributed over the house by means of a long, narrow flue which extends across the front of the building. This arrangement insures an even distribution of the air, which blows in the faces of the audience without the chill of a draught.

The paintings of the loan exhibitions in the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum are not only interesting as rare specimens of the excellence of modern art, but they have an additional interest as indicating the cultivated taste of their owners. They have purchased such pictures as these for their own domestic enjoyment, and for that of their intimate friends; and the opportunity given the public to study this magnificent collection is one which will be highly prized.

In a recent case brought into court by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it seems to have been decided that turtles are perfectly comfortable on their backs. However that may be, since turtles do not naturally lie on their backs, we think they must feel obliged to Mr. Bergh for taking sufficient interest in their comfort to inquire into the matter.

The brilliant English novelist, Mr. Black, is contemplating a tour to America. It is stated as a fact not generally known that Mr. Black is the fine-art critic for the London *Daily News*.

The following is a list of the trades represented by the delegation of thirty French working-men sent by the French government to inspect the mechanical industries of this country: furniture-maker, chair-maker, furniture designer, shoe-maker, bookbinder, watch-maker, artificial flower maker, tanner, jeweler, mechanic, organ-builder, teacher, gun-maker, locksmith, carriage-builder, linen and lace maker, tailor, tin plate worker, printer, comb-maker, dyer, hatter, lead and zinc roof maker, saddler, machine model maker, sculptor on wood. This delegation recently arrived in this city.

The strawberry season has this year been an excellent one for growers of that delicious berry, as well as for the lovers of it. First they came from the far South, in moderate quantities and at a rather high price; then from nearer sections, and more near, until the markets overflowed with the abundance, so reasonable in price as to be within the reach of almost every person. Delaware estimates her recent crop at 5,710,000 quarts. After all, what better fruit than the strawberry?

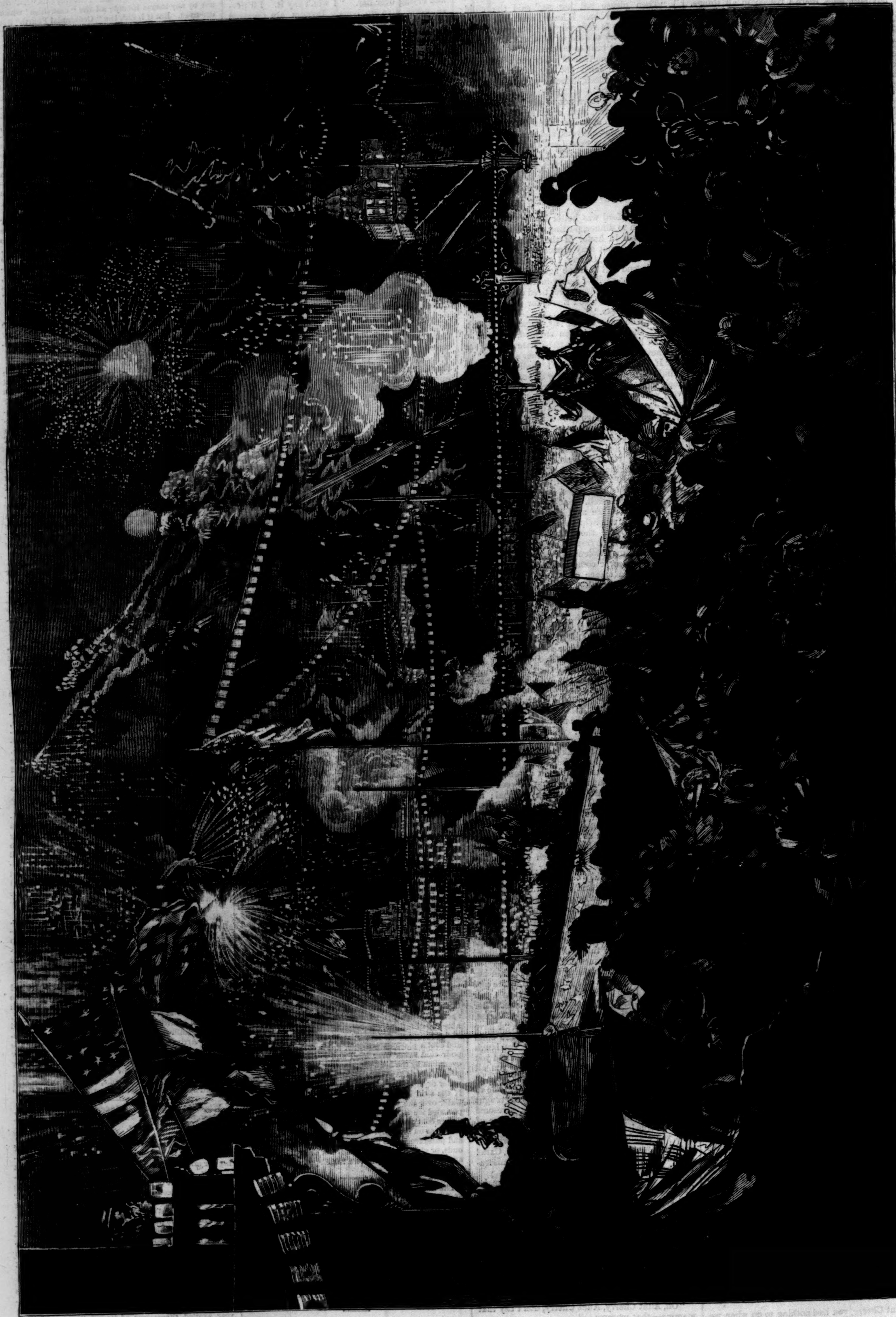
Reports vary in regard to the funeral of Abdul-Aziz. Some say that he was buried with the very highest respect, and others, that there was little of that pomp and ceremonial which ordinarily mark an Eastern funeral. Be that as it may, all accounts agree that the coffin was draped in most magnificent India shawls.

It having been reported that the Pope of Rome had only a bundle of straw for his bed, the Queen of Greece on her recent visit to the Vatican asked Pius IX., with charming *naïveté*, to show her his sleeping apartment. The aged pontiff, apparently divining her motive, led the way, followed by the young queen and her husband. Arrived at his bed-chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and pointing to his couch, said, "I know why your Majesty wished to see this room. The story about the bundle of straw is an unfounded report. My bed, however, is a hard one, and I am accustomed to hard beds; I have slept in no other for many years."

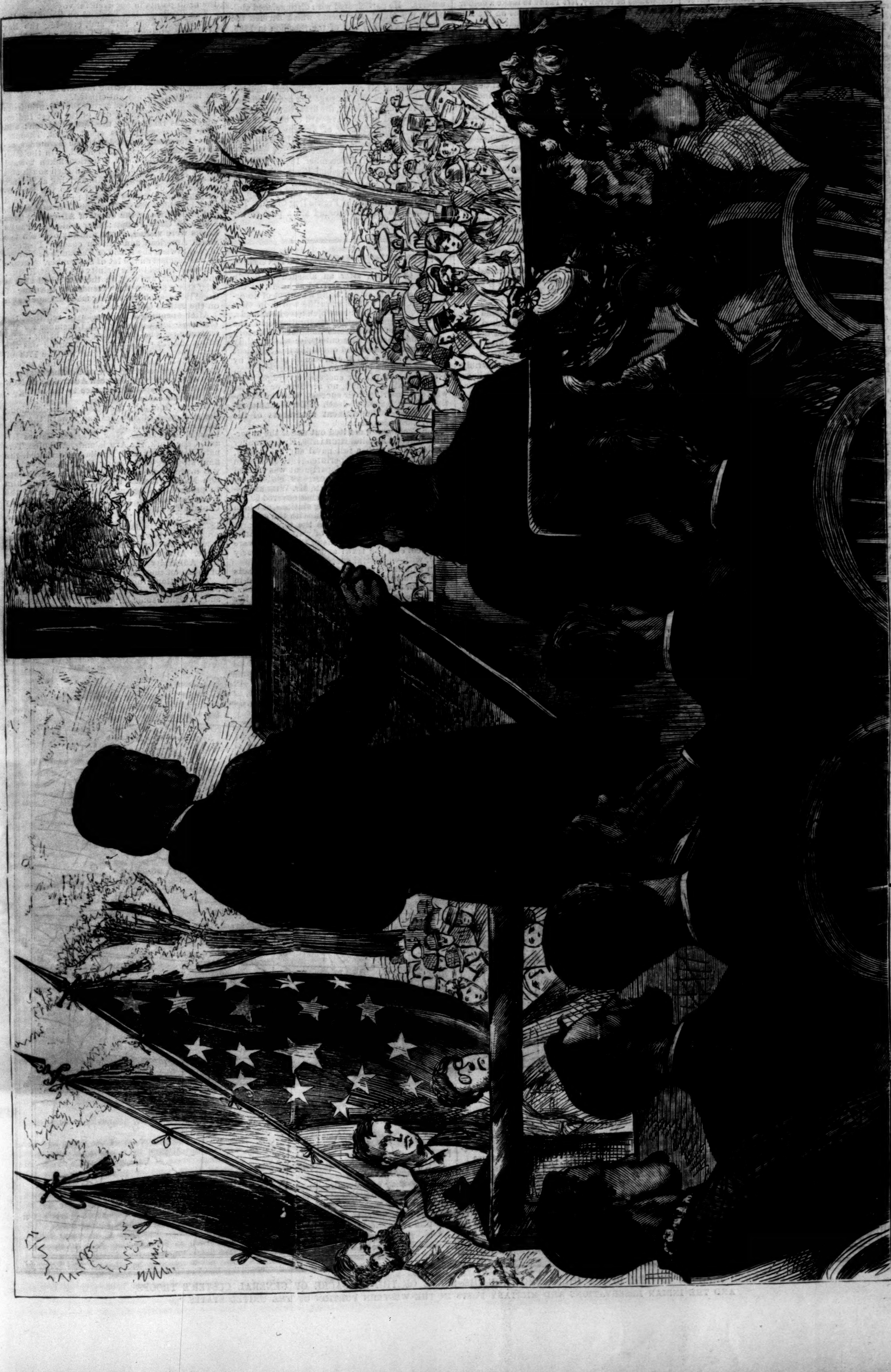
When the Declaration of Independence was signed, there were only two steam-engines, of the crudest design, in the United States.

A story is told in Irish newspapers how, on the 8th of last June, two American gentlemen, who were searching for minerals in the noted Giant's Causeway of that country, discovered the petrified body of "Fin-Ma-Coul," the giant of the region. The monster is little more than thirteen feet long. His head measures four feet and two inches in circumference, and his feet twenty-one inches in length. The hands are folded, and it is said the pores of the skin are plainly visible. However, the discoverers refuse to point out the exact place where they found the giant, nor did any one see the body until it was safely housed for exhibition to the public. Consequently there is reason for fancying this may be another "Cardiff Giant" hoax.

In 1870 the Michigan University opened its doors freely for the admission of women to all its departments. Recent statements show that 117 have this year availed themselves of its privileges. Sixty of these have chosen literature and science, and forty-seven medicine.



THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH—ILLUMINATION OF UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 594.]



THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH—MR. RICHARD HENRY LEE READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AT PHILADELPHIA.—From a Sketch by J. B. Frost.—[See Page 594.]

THE MONTANA SLAUGHTER.

Close upon the intelligence of the check to General Crook's command on Rosebud River comes the news of a disaster on the Little Horn River so terrible and ghastly in its details that at the first announcement it was considered incredible or grossly exaggerated. Later dispatches, however, confirmed the dreadful story in all its shocking particulars.

The map on this page gives the scene of the disaster, and the sketches on page 592, engraved from drawings sent us by officers in the field, show the character of the country where our troops are operating against the Indian forces under the command of Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux chief. It is admirably adapted by its rough, broken character, its precipitous, craggy hills and deep, narrow defiles, for a defensive war on the part of the Indians; and Sitting Bull, a chief of great natural sagacity and intelligence, sharpened by fifteen years of fighting, knows how to avail himself of every advantage offered by the *terrain.* The region where the recent battles have taken place lies, as a reference to the map will show, between the Big Horn spur of the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone River, and through it flow the Big and Little Horn and the Rosebud rivers. Early last spring a campaign was planned against the Indians located in this region to compel them to remove to the reservation set apart for them by the government, which they had refused to do. Three columns, under command of Generals Gibbon, Terry, and Crook, were equipped and placed under marching orders, their objective point being Sitting Bull's camp, in the Big Horn country. These columns were to meet on the Powder or the Tongue river, and combine their forces in the heart of the hostile territory. General Crook, at Fort Reno, was to strike north; General Terry, with General Custer's cavalry, at Fort Lincoln, was to march west; and General Gibbon, at Fort Buford, was to descend the Yellowstone Valley and join General Terry.

General Crook set out from Fort Fetterman, of which we give an illustration on page 592, on the 29th of May, and after a short halt at Fort Reno advanced to the head waters of the Tongue River. On the 9th of June the Indians attacked his camp, and were gallantly repulsed. On the 16th of June the march was resumed, in the direction of the Rosebud Valley. The next day the Sioux surprised the troops while on the march. The attack was made with great vigor, the Indians having all the advantages of position and superior numbers. Ten of the troops were killed and nineteen wounded, and General Crook deemed it necessary to order a retreat to Goose Creek.

Meanwhile General Terry, with 1500 men, had left Fort Lincoln, striking for the Powder River and the Yellowstone, where he was to meet General Gibbon, with 500 men, coming from Fort Ellis. At the Rosebud, General Custer, with twelve companies of cavalry, left Terry to make a detour around by the Little Horn. This was on the 22d of June. On the 25th he struck what was probably the main camp of Sitting Bull. He had pushed forward with greater rapidity than his orders directed, and arrived at the point where a junction of the forces was intended, a day or two in advance of the infantry. Without waiting for the rest of the troops to come up, General Custer decided upon an immediate attack. The Indians were posted in a narrow ravine, about twenty miles above the mouth of the river. At the head of five companies of cavalry he charged into the ravine, while Colonel Reno, with four companies, made an attack on the other side, three companies being held in reserve. According to the story of the scout who brought the intelligence of the disaster, Custer led his brave men into a fearful slaughter-pen. The Indians poured a murderous fire upon them from all sides, and not one of the detachment escaped alive. General Custer himself, his two brothers, his brother-in-law, and his nephew were all killed. The Indians surrounded Colonel Reno's command, and held the troops on the hills, cut off from water, for a whole day, when the force under General Gibbon, for which Custer should have waited before going into the fight, arrived on the ground. The Indians then broke up and retired under cover of darkness.

A survey of the disastrous battle-ground disclosed a dreadful slaughter. Two hundred and seven men were buried in one place, and the total number of killed is estimated at three hundred and fifteen, including seventeen commissioned officers. The bodies of the dead were terribly mutilated. The Indians are supposed to have numbered from 2500 to 4000, and all the courage and skill displayed by our troops was of no avail against such overwhelming odds. The Indian loss can not be ascertained, as they carried off both killed and wounded. They stripped our killed of arms and ammunition.

General George A. Custer, of whom we give a portrait on page 601, was a native of Ohio. He graduated at West Point in 1861, with the grade of Second Lieutenant of Cavalry. He was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and distinguished himself at Williamsburg in the Peninsular campaign, for which he was made a First Lieutenant. Promotion now came to him rapidly, as a reward for gallant services. He was soon made Captain, and displayed so much ability while acting as a brigade commander of mounted cavalry that in 1863 he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. General Custer participated in many important engagements, and won great honor for dash and gallantry during the terrible campaign in the Wilderness and in Sheridan's brilliant operations in the Shenandoah Valley, for which he received the commission of Major-General of Volunteers. He participated with distinguished ability in the grand movements which decided the fate of Lee's army and of the rebellion in 1865, and was breveted Colonel and Brigadier-General in the regular army for his eminent services. Since the close of the war General Custer has been chiefly engaged in the Indian country. At the time of his death he was acting simply as commander of his regiment, the Seventh Cavalry.

Of the illustrations on page 592 not mentioned in the foregoing account, the first shows the monument erected in the grave-yard of old Fort Phil Kearney to the memory of Fetterman, Brown, Grummond, and eighty-three men, who were massacred by the Indians a short distance north of the fort on the 22d of December, 1866. The second gives a view of Rosebud River, taken from the north side of the Yellowstone. The fourth is a sketch of General Crook's supply camp on Tongue River, mouth of Prairie Dog Creek. The mountains in the background are a part of the Big Horn range.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *Challenger*, after an absence of nearly three years and a half, arrived at home on the 25th of May, her return being a subject of no ordinary interest to the scientific world, in view of the immense advances which have been made, in consequence of her explorations, in the knowledge of the physics and natural history of the deep seas. The enterprise was worthily commenced, and carried out in the most efficient manner. Nearly all the problems proposed by the undertaking have been satisfactorily solved. The arrangements for successive voyages were in almost all cases met, no accident or disaster whatever marring their success, with the exception of the lamented death of Dr. Willemöes-Suhm, one of the eminent naturalists of the party.

The *Challenger* was fitted out under the superintendence of Admiral Richards, Hydrographer to the Navy, with a full naval surveying staff, under the immediate superintendence of Captain Nares. The scientific department was headed by Professor Wyville Thompson, assisted by specialists like Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Willemöes-Suhm, and others. Her route has covered 69,000 miles, embracing 362 observing stations, at which the depth of the sea was taken with the greatest possible accuracy, as well as the temperatures at the bottom and samples of water from intermediate points. Specimens of the bottom were obtained, and the trawl and dredge were freely used, with wonderful success.

An admirable summary of the principal facts of the cruise of the *Challenger* will be found in *Nature* for June 1, to which we refer our readers, and as we have endeavored to keep track of her movements as often as the intelligence reached the United States, it will not be necessary to do more here than to briefly recapitulate some of the main points in her eventful voyage.

The *Challenger* left England on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1872, and, crossing the Bay of Biscay, steamed up the Tagus and anchored off Lisbon on the 3d of January, 1873. Lisbon was left on the 12th, and soundings were taken between the rock of Gibraltar and Madeira. At Teneriffe the regular work of the expedition commenced, the interval preceding having been mainly occupied in getting matters fairly settled for the long journey anticipated.

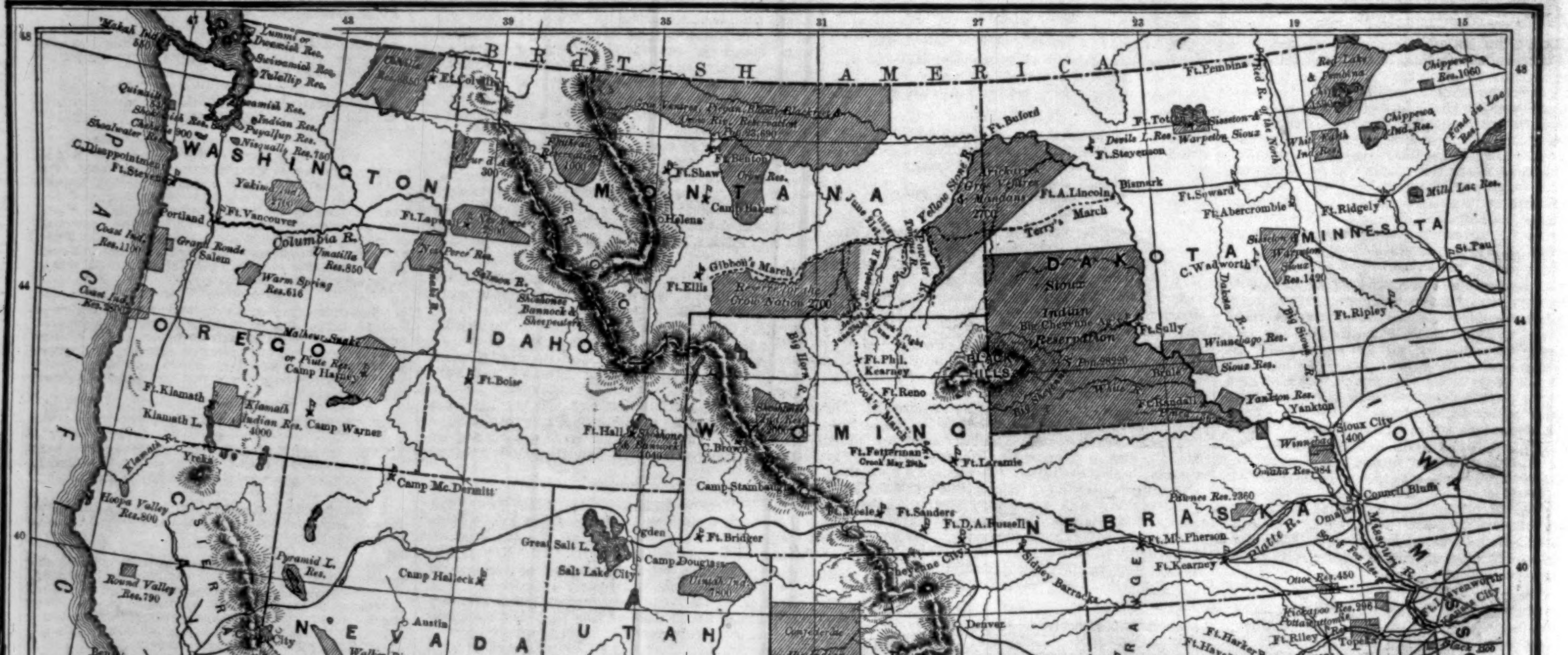
A section was carried across the Atlantic from Teneriffe to Sombrero, one of the West Indies, which was reached on the 15th of March; and after that a week was spent at St. Thomas, when the vessel proceeded to the Bermudas, arriving there on the 4th of April. On the 20th Bermuda was left, and a section taken toward Sandy Hook, off New York, and then south and west of Little George's Bank, arriving at Halifax on the 9th of May. Returning to the Bermudas, the vessel thence crossed to the Cape Verd Islands, which she left on the 13th of August, and cruised along the coast of Africa by Sierra Leone to Cape Palmas; after which St. Paul's Rocks were visited, about midway between the South American and African coasts. Proceeding southwest, the island of Fernando de Noronha was reached on the 1st of September. Thence the vessel sailed to the vicinity of Cape St. Roque, and to Bahia, arriving on the 14th; and after a brief stay a section was extended to the Cape of Good Hope, anchorage being made at Cape Town on the 28th of October.

After spending some weeks in refitting, the *Challenger* left on the 14th of December for the antarctic regions, Kerguelen Island being reached on the 7th of January. Melbourne was the next prominent stopping-place, on the 17th of March, 1874; and after a visit to Sydney, several months were occupied in investigating that portion of the sea lying between Australia and New Zealand, with special reference to the laying of a submarine cable.

On the 7th of July the vessel proceeded along the east coast of New Zealand toward the Kermadec Islands, and in succession the Friendly Islands, the Feejees, New Hebrides, Raines Island, Cape York, the Aru Islands, Amboina, Ternate, Zamboanga, and Manila were visited, the final stopping-place being Hong-Kong, which was made head-quarters for a time. Here Captain Nares received a telegram directing him to proceed to England to take charge of the arctic expedition, and he was succeeded by Captain Thomson.

Hong-Kong was left on the 6th of January, 1875, en route for Japan; but by a change in the programme the vessel proceeded to New Guinea, where some very interesting explorations were made. After a short stay she proceeded to Nares Bay, Admiralty Islands, and reached the coast of Japan on the 11th of April.

The section from the Admiralty Islands to Japan, 2250 miles long, was nearly meridional, and furnished some important data. The deep-



THE GOLD REGIONS OF THE BLACK HILLS, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF GENERAL CUSTER'S TROOPS, AND THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND MILITARY POSTS IN THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

est soundings on the cruise were met with on the 23d of March, in 4575 fathoms. The *Challenger* left Yokohama on the 16th of June, and ran an easterly course to Honolulu, which was reached on the 27th of July. There were four observing stations made between Japan and this point, at which some exceedingly interesting deep-sea animals were secured. A fortnight was spent on the Sandwich Islands, and Valparaiso was reached on the 19th of November, after touching at Tahiti and Juan Fernandez. The vessel left Valparaiso on the 10th of December, the Falkland Islands on the 10th of January, 1876, Montevideo on the 15th of February, Cape Verd Islands on the 27th of March, St. Vincent on the 18th of April, and arrived off Spithead on the 24th of May.

According to the London *Graphic*, the carpenter and fifty-nine of the crew "left the ship without leave"—in plain terms, deserted at various places touched at during the voyage of the *Challenger*.

The death of Baron von Sena, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, is announced as having taken place on the 15th of April last at Vienna. The observatory at Athens, which has done so good work under the direction of Dr. JULIUS SCHMIDT, was founded by his father, and received equally the support of the son. It is to be hoped that its period of twenty-five years of constant activity will not now be interrupted.

The remarkable migrations of the lemming in Norway have long excited the wonder of observers, the precise impulse which induces this diminutive rat to take up this journey, always in a definite direction, being a problem of very difficult solution. Mr. DUPPA CROTCH has propounded a new view in explanation, which is ingenious, if not entitled to consideration. As is well known, these animals in their migrations always move westward, and finally, in diminished numbers, perish in the sea. In one instance a ship is said to have sailed for fifteen minutes through an army of them, the water being literally covered as far as the eye could reach. According to Mr. CROTCH, this migratory instinct is hereditary from progenitors in a past geological age that once dwelt in an island of plenty now submerged beneath the Atlantic. Although there is now no land to be reached, and the goal actually attained is the deep sea, it is supposed that the instinct of westward migration is hereditary, and persists long after the cause of such migration has ceased to exist.

The death of M. ALPHONSE GUICHENOT is announced as having taken place on the 17th of February, 1876, at the age of sixty-seven. This gentleman was for a long time attached to the chair of herpetology and ichthyology in the Museum of Paris. He was well known as an excellent naturalist in the departments referred to, and was a member of the commission charged with the scientific exploration of Algeria. He was also an assistant in the systematic work on the natural history of Chili, Cuba, and other parts of the world published under the direction of the French government.

M. LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN has at last succeeded in isolating gallium in sufficient quantity for the determination of its chief physical properties. Four hundred and thirty-one kilograms of mineral yielded about one-tenth of a gram of the metal, which is soft and somewhat malleable. It fuses at 29.5° C., becoming liquid when pressed between the fingers, and is capable of remaining for weeks in the fluid state even at temperatures below its melting-point. When fused, it adheres readily to glass, forming thereon a mirror whiter than that of mercury. The specific gravity is 4.7, agreeing closely with the value predicted by MENDELEJEFF's theory.

The second part of Volume II. of the Annals of the Observatory of Moscow has recently appeared, embracing most of the observations made in 1875. Dr. BREDECHIN, the director, has had charge of the refractor, and has made use of it for spectroscopic observations of the sun and nebulæ, for observations for position of ENCKE's comet, for physical observations of Jupiter, etc. The micrometer screw of the refractor has been investigated, and a series of experiments on personal equation instituted. GROMADSKI has had charge of the meridian circle, and besides his observations of Mars, etc., gives further results of his detailed examination of the division errors of his instrument. Photometric and photographic observations are carried on by CÉRASKI. It will be remembered that at Moscow daily photographs of the sun are taken. This volume has eight plates.

Drs. SCHWEINFURTH and GÜSSFELDT reached Alexandria on the 26th of April, after a thirty-five days' trip through the deserts between the Nile and the Red Sea, in the course of which they visited the ancient monasteries of St. Paul and St. Antonio, in the Golala Mountains.

We have already referred to the various projects for flooding portions of the Sahara Desert, the French proposing to introduce the waters of the Mediterranean, and the British those of the Atlantic. We now learn that Mr. M'KENZIE, the originator of the latter project, is about to leave London for Western Africa to make the necessary preliminary surveys for turning the waters of the Atlantic into the great sink basin which extends from the valley of the Bella to Timbuctoo. He is confident that a canal eight or nine miles in length will accomplish his object, and bring the mysterious capital of equatorial Africa within six or seven days' sail of the Thames.

Among the commissions appointed in the different States having for their object the protection and increase of the fishes throughout their borders, none promises to be more enterprising and efficient than that of Kentucky, established by an act of March 20, 1876. The number of Commissioners is much larger than usual, being one for each Congressional District, or ten in all. The Executive Committee consists of Messrs. P. H. DARBEY, JOHN A. STEELE, J. H. BRUCE, Dr. S. W. COOMBS, and PACK THOMAS, the latter gentleman being president and executive officer of the board.

An address has just been issued by the Commissioners to the people of Kentucky, publishing the act, and making many suggestions in regard to the future of the Commission and the results to be attained.

Extracts from various reports of national or State Commissioners are given, including the whole of the annual report of the Commissioners of New York for the year 1874, with its many interesting illustrations of hatching establishments, fishes, etc.

According to DEVILLE and DEBRAY, osmium is the heaviest substance known, having a specific gravity of 22.477. They have prepared the metal in a crystalline form by passing the vapor of osmic acid over red-hot charcoal. The crystals apparently belong to the first or regular system, and are hard enough to scratch glass. The color is grayish-blue, becoming even violet when the light is reflected several times upon the surface of the metal.

The series of the Bulletins of the National Museum, prepared at the request of the Smithsonian Institution, and published by the authority of the Secretary of the Interior, already embraces some very interesting and important memoirs relating to the collections in the National Gallery. The first of the series, by Professor COPE, contains many interesting generalizations in regard to the geographical distributions of reptiles generally, and especially those of the United States, including all the species of reptiles and amphibians.

Bulletin second, prepared by Dr. J. H. KIDDER, U.S.N., consists of a history of the birds collected by him, during the transit of Venus expedition, on Kerguelen Island. This, besides describing new species, gives a great deal of very interesting information in regard to the habits of the gulls, petrels, penguins, etc., of that little-known region.

Bulletin third, which is published in a pamphlet of 122 pages, completes the notices of the natural history of Kerguelen Island by an elaborate article describing the eggs of the birds, together with a list of the plants, rocks, mammals, fishes, mollusks, and other representatives of the peculiar animal life of the South Seas.

In this Bulletin is also an enumeration of the specimens collected by Dr. KERSHNER, of the navy, in New Zealand, many of them of great interest and rarity. The pamphlet concludes with a critical investigation, by Dr. KIDDER and Dr. COUES, of a peculiar bird, *Chionis minor*, or sheath-bill, supposed to be peculiar to the island, the systematic position of which has been hitherto undecided. The authors now find on anatomical investigation that it is a connecting link between the plovers and gulls of the present day, and that it represents the survivors of an ancestral type, from which both gulls and plovers have descended. This view, in their opinion, is supported by the geographical isolation of its abode, affording but few conditions favorable to variation.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY, 1876.

Sunday, 23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 6.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

MR. LEWIS E. JACKSON, who has given great attention to the statistics of New York, states that of the church organizations in existence in New York in 1776, the following remain: of the Dutch Reformed, the South, Collegiate, and Harlem; of the Episcopalian, Trinity, St. George's, and the French, or Du St. Esprit; of the Lutheran, St. Matthew's and St. Paul's; of the Presbyterian, the First, Scotch, and the Brick Church; of the Baptist, the First; of the Methodist, John Street.

But one place of worship in existence in 1776 is still standing and used for church purposes—St. Paul's, on Broadway and Fulton Street. The Middle Dutch Church, on Nassau and Liberty streets, is still standing, but was for a long time the city post-office. The other organizations have erected new buildings, and the most of them on new sites. St. Paul's, therefore, is the Centennial church of this city. WASHINGTON worshiped in it regularly when New York was the seat of the national government.

The decree promulgated by President GUZMAN, of the republic of Venezuela, declaring the establishment of religious liberty and the separation of church and state, is of the most radical character. In some particulars it is extreme, but in all such shows the marks of a deadly conflict with Rome. The first article establishes religious liberty; the second remits the support of religion to the voluntary contributions of believers. The fourth article declares that Venezuela will not admit "to its territory archbishops or bishops, ecclesiastical chapters, or any ecclesiastical hierarchy, as it considers them incompatible with the rights of independence and the sovereignty of the country." Churches and religious associations are forbidden to acquire landed property. Article six declares that it shall "not be allowable to purchase, circulate, or execute within the territory of the republic any syllabus, bull, brief, rescript, encyclical, pastoral, or edict from any ecclesiastical authorities of any religion whatsoever." The decree has been approved by the Venezuelan Congress.

The Twenty-first International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which opened, July 12, at Toronto, had many international features. The place of meeting is across our own borders. Mr. GEORGE WILLIAMS, of London, the founder of Christian Associations, was announced as one of the speakers. Our South sent as its representatives the Rev. Dr. STUART ROBINSON, of Kentucky, and General EVANS, of Georgia.

The *Nonconformist* (London) has become an authority upon the religious and charitable statistics of England. Its summary this year of the annual revenues of the "foreign and colonial missionary societies" shows an increase over 1875. The incomes of some of these have been already reported in this Intelligence, but it may be useful to place them together. The most important are the following: Church Missionary Society, £195,116; Propagation Society, £125,294; Wesleyan, £159,106; London Missionary, £118,183; Baptist, £44,762; Moravian, £18,380; Colonial and Continental, £33,487; United Methodist, £16,542; South American, £13,659; Christian Vernacular (India), £12,842. Adding to these the receipts of the Home Mission and Christian publishing societies, the *Nonconformist* estimates that the total income of all for the past year was a little short of £1,250,000.

A convention of "Liberal Leagues" was one of the numerous meetings in Philadelphia from July 1 to 4. Its object, stated in brief, is the "complete secularization of the state." To this end the leagues call for the abolition of Sunday laws of every description, of the public appointment of feasts and thanksgivings, of the maintenance of religious worship in public institutions, and the expulsion of the Bible from public schools. The members are neither numerous nor influential, but the bold enunciation of this programme is a sign of the times.

It is not usual for a charitable Society in the United States to have an auxiliary in England, but this advantage is enjoyed by the American Missionary Association. It is known as the "Freedmen's Mission Aid Society." At the anniversary held in London, contributions for the year amounting to £2042 were reported, of which £1750 had been sent to America. Dr. MOFFATT presided on the occasion, and the Jubilee Singers added to its interest by their rendering of American slave songs.

A society has been formed in London for the colonization of Syria and Palestine with Christian settlers from England. At a recent meeting one of the speakers was the Rev. Dr. BLISS, of the American Presbyterian College at Beirût, who strongly advocated the scheme. There is already a German settlement on Mount Carmel, which is represented as being very prosperous.

A deputation of the Nestorian Christians of Koordistan has been sent to England to ask protection from Mohammedan oppression, and the establishment of English missions. The result of the appeal to the government has been a call for an official report of the facts from her Majesty's minister at Teheran. The planting of a mission has also been considered. The American Presbyterians are now conducting missions among the Nestorians of the plain with great success. They have, however, found it hitherto impracticable to occupy the mountain region of Koordistan, which the English are invited to take.

The Positivists have organized a church in the city of New York. The "First Congregation of the Religion of Humanity" filed their certificate of incorporation with the County Clerk on Saturday, June 10. The objects of the incorporation are thus stated: (1) to develop and extend the knowledge of the synthetic or religious value of Science and Humanity; (2) to present them, instead of theology, as the basis and substance of religion; (3) to practice and promote this religion as the foundation of religious and social duty. Religion was not included in COMTE's first exposition of his system. Conceiving all separate personal existences to be represented by a unit which he termed humanity, he in his later years presented this as the object of our homage. Thus the philosophy which at first denied the possibility of religion, created as its last work a religion of its own.

The Commissioners of the Northern and Southern Methodist Episcopal Churches, appointed to adjust the existing property difficulties which prevent the complete restoration of fraternity, will hold a joint session at Cape May, New Jersey, August 16. The Southern Commissioners are the Rev. Drs. MYERS, HARGRAVE, and FINNEY, General VANCE, and D. CLOPTON, Esq.; the Northern are the Rev. Drs. CRAWFORD, FULLER, and NEWMAN, General FISK, and Judge FANCHER. The difficulties have grown out of the occupation of and the disputed title to church property.

We commend to the notice of the New York *Tablet* the following outrages upon Protestants by the priest party in Mexico, for the sole offense of loving God's Word: The Rev. MAXWELL PHILLIPS was assaulted at Queretaro on the 23d of April, and nearly murdered. The Rev. M. N. HUTCHINSON writes from the city of Mexico, under date of May 13, "We have just buried two brethren from San Lorenzo who were murdered last Thursday night. One of them, a judge" (whose murder has been described in this Intelligence), "and the most influential member of our church in that place, died exhorting the few brethren who were near not to fear to confess or die for Jesus." Will the *Tablet* insist that they were all served right?

Attention has been attracted in Continental Europe to the American and English mode of observing the Christian Sabbath. A Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, under the direction of the British Branch, is announced to be held at Geneva for the purpose of promoting a better Sabbath observance among the people of the Continental states.

The third annual meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress will take place in the city of Boston during the week commencing November 12. The Bishop of Massachusetts is expected to preside.

A correspondent of the *Examiner and Chronicle* sends a condensed summary of the religious statistics of Canada, which, though not new, are worth repeating. The Roman Catholics in the Dominion are in numbers about 1,500,000; the Episcopalians, 500,000; the Presbyterians, a little over 500,000; the Methodists show an excess of a few thousands over the Presbyterians; and the Baptists count 250,000. These figures represent populations. From 1861 to 1871, according to this writer, the Roman Catholics in Canada increased eight per cent., the Episcopalians a trifle over six per cent., the Presbyterians fifteen per cent., the Methodists twenty-seven per cent., and the Baptists nineteen per cent. During this decade the entire population of the Dominion increased twelve and a quarter per cent.

According to the English *Tourist's Church Guide*, there are in England 251 churches of the Establishment in which vestments are worn, 715 in which candles are placed on the altar, 370 in which the candles are lighted during the celebration, and 1600 in which there is a weekly administration of the sacrament. The *Church Times* says that "these figures must not be considered complete on the subject, as there are many of the clergy who dislike making public the manner in which they conduct divine service."

Those only who have devoted much time to the study of the ecclesiastical history of the United States know the difficulty of gathering its material. In view of this fact, the Baptist and Presbyterian historical collections are likely to be of inestimable value to Christian scholars. The Presbyterian Library in Philadelphia has already 8000 bound volumes, 30,000 pamphlets, magazines, and reviews, and 300 newspaper volumes, besides manuscripts and relics. There will be added this year to these treasures a manuscript sermon from every Presbyterian pastor, containing the complete history of his church. The society will erect a fire-proof building.

It was an old statesman who said to a young one, "With the revenues of a whole people for a sea to fish in, you should never be without money." At Rome they have brought this art of drawing in revenue (do they call it there apostolic?) to its highest perfection. In June, 1877, the Pope will have completed the fiftieth year of his accession to the episcopal office. It is proposed to celebrate the event with unusual splendor. The faithful have spread before them the following festival scheme:

"1. Ardent and united prayers for the preservation of the precious life of the Holy Father, PIUS IX.

"2. To prayers alms are to be added for the Vicar of Christ reduced to poverty and made prisoner by the revolution, to be presented to him as an '*obolus*' of filial love on the solemn day of his episcopal jubilee.

"3. The loving children of PIUS IX., in addition to their '*obolus*,' are to send gifts, the products of their talents in the art or trade they follow. To receive these offerings a solemn Exhibition will be opened in Rome. Medals and diplomas are to be awarded by properly appointed juries among those who contribute to the Vatican Exhibition."

A Catholic World Exposition, with all the goods and objects of art exhibited turned over to the papal treasury, will indeed solace the griefs of the "Vicar of Christ reduced to poverty and made prisoner by the revolution."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME men keep savage dogs about their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

AMBIGUOUS.—When an idler enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

A boy swallowed a revolver cartridge one day last week, and his mother doesn't dare to "wallop" him for fear he'll go off.

"Look here, squire, where was yeou born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1820, at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said, "Yeas; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

A Hibernian dress-maker in Detroit was giving some ladies a recipe for making mock cream, which she pronounced a very superior substitute for the real article. In order to prove her assertion she told of a grand wedding where it had been served, and said, "Many took it in preference to the real cream, not knowing the difference."

Interviewing reporters should wear pumps.

"This is capital ale," said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head." "Ay," said a by-stander, "but consider how soon it takes away yours."

A correspondent who has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge wants to know if the wheel of Time is ever *tired*.

Hooke had a recipe of his own to prevent being exposed to the night air. "I was very ill," he said, "some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it; so I come up every day to Crockford's, or some other place, to dinner, and I make it a rule on no account to go home again till about four or five o'clock in the morning."

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be, having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who had a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack. "No, I haven't. Whom did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

A lady living in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act. "I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life." "I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis. "It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister. "Yes, Sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait a while." "Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis. The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the marriage fee vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said, "Yes, of course, it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when the people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?" "Yes, your riverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony; and that young minister is now very careful how he introduces the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

THE CENTENNIAL FOURTH—ILLUMINATION OF MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 594.]

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

BY CHARLES READE.

II.—A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll-bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt uneasy at night, being lone women.

One day they received a considerable sum of money, bequeathed them by a relation, and that set the simple souls all in a flutter.

"THE GREAT MASTIFF HAD PINNED A MAN BY THE THROAT."

They had a friend in the village, the blacksmith's wife; so they went and told her their fears. She admitted that theirs was a lonesome place, and she would not live there, for one — without a man. Her discourse sent them home downright miserable.

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner. "The fools!" said he: "how is any body to know they have got brass in the house?"

"Well," said the wife, "they make no secret of it to me; but you need not go for to tell it to all the town—poor souls!"

"Not I," said the man: "but they will publish it, never fear; leave women-folk alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

There the subject dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about besides their neighbors.

The old women at the toll-bar, what with their own fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night came on. However, at sunset the carrier passed through the gate, and at sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night. "Why, how can I?" said he. "I'm due at ——; but I will leave you my dog." The dog was a powerful mastiff.

The women looked at each other expressively. "He won't hurt us, will he?" sighed one of them, faintly. "Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the house, and told them to lock the door; and went away whistling.

The women were left contemplating the dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. At first he seemed staggered at this offhand proceeding of his master; it confused him; then he snuffed at the door; then, as the wheels retreated, he began to see plainly he was an abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl, and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously.

The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window, screaming to the carrier. "Come back! come back, John! He is tearing the house down."

"Drat the varmint!" said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good-natured fellow took his great-coat out of the cart and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself on it. "Now," said John, sternly, "let us have no more nonsense; you take charge of that till I come back, and don't ye let nobody steal that there, nor yet t' wives' brass. There now," said he, kindly, to the women, "I shall be back this way breakfast-time, and he won't budge till then."

"And he won't hurt *us*, John?"

"Lord, no. Bless your heart, he is as sensible as any Christian; only, Lord-sake, woman, don't ye go to take the coat from him, or you'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired, and the old women kept at a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and indeed, when they spoke cajolingly to him, he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as they moved about, he squinted at them out of his blood-shot eye in a way that checked all desire on their parts to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected, they went to bed earlier than usual; but they did not undress; they were too much afraid of every thing, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses let them know that the dog was getting restless: he snuffed, and then he growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway, with furniture, they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But by-and-by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and a grating outside the window of the room where the dog was; and he continued growling low. This was enough; they slipped out at the back-door, and left their money to save their lives: they got into the village. It was pitch-dark, and all the houses black but two: one was the public-house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house. "Oh, Jane! the thieves are come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"La!" said she; "how timorsome you are! ten to one he was only growling at some one that passed by."

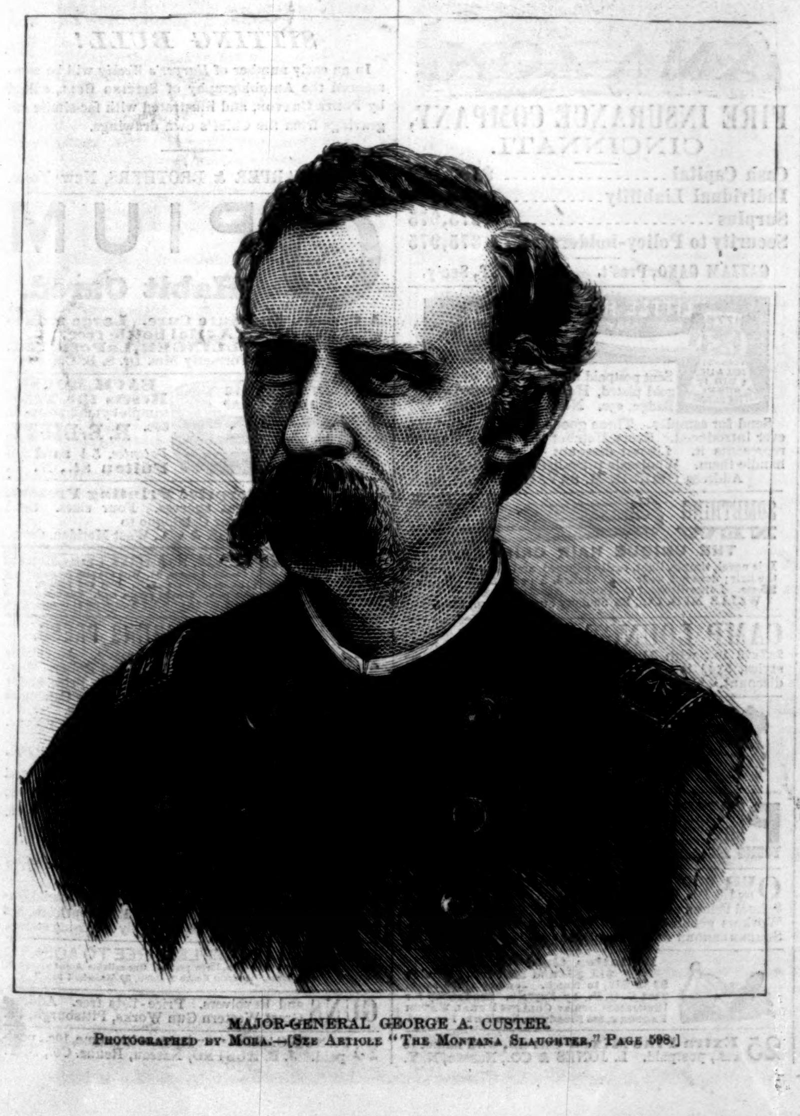
"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man, and let him go with us."

"My man—he is not here."

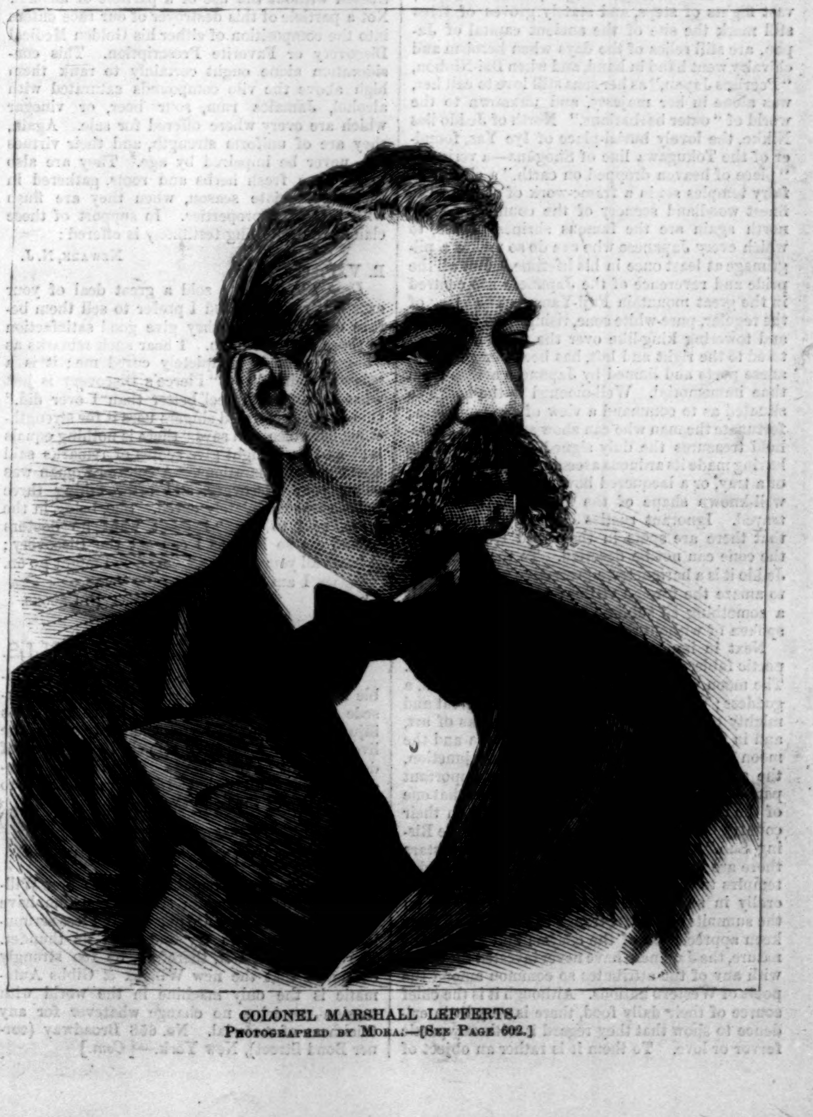
"Where is he, then?"

"I suppose he is where other working-women's husbands are, at the public-house," said she, rather bitterly, for she had her experience.

The old women wanted to go to the public-house for him: but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and, besides, she thought it was most likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she, "last time I went for him there I got a fine affront. I'll come with you," said she. "I'll take the poker, and we have got our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose. So they marched to the toll-bar. When they got near it, they saw something that staggered this heroine. There was actually a man half in and half out of the window. This brought the blacksmith's wife to a stand-still, and the timid pair implored her to go back to the village. "Nay," said she, "what for? I see but one—and—hark! it is my belief the dog is holding of him." However, she thought it safest to be on the same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her. So she made her way into the kitchen, followed by the other two; and there a sight met their eyes that changed all their feelings, both toward the robber and toward each other. The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him, to draw him through the window, with fierce but muffled snarls. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture-frame, and in that frame there glared, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, the white face of the blacksmith, their courageous friend's villainous husband. She uttered an appalling scream, and flew upon the dog and choked him with her two hands. He



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE MONTANA SLAUGHTER," PAGE 598.]



COLONEL MARSHALL LEFFERTS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.—[SEE PAGE 602.]

held, and growled, and tore till he was all but throttled himself, then he let go, and the man fell. But what struck the ground outside, like a lump of lead, was, in truth, a lump of clay: the man was quite dead, and fearfully torn about the throat. So did a comedy end in an appalling and most piteous tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, but his poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had not dared confide the villainy he meditated.

The outlines of this true story were in several journals. I have put the disjointed particulars together as well as I could. I have tried to learn the name of the village, and what became of this poor widow, but have failed hitherto. Should these lines meet the eye of any one who can tell me, I hope he will, and without delay.

COLONEL MARSHALL LEFFERTS.

On page 601 will be found the portrait of the late Colonel Lefferts, who died suddenly about noon of the 3d inst., while on the way to Philadelphia in command of the Veteran Guard of the Seventh Regiment. At the moment the train left the Jersey City station, the colonel, who had been suffering from the heat, was observed to fall back in his seat in a fainting condition. He soon became insensible, and died in a few minutes after the attack. The Veterans left the train at Newark, and returned to the city with the body of their late commander.

Colonel Lefferts was born in Bedford, now a part of Brooklyn, Long Island, in 1825. In early life he was a civil engineer. When the telegraph was introduced he became interested in that business, and, with a few slight interruptions, was engaged in telegraphic enterprises during the rest of his life. At the time of his death he was president of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. In 1847 he became a member of the staff of General Hall. He joined the Seventh Regiment in 1852, and worked his way up through the several grades until, in 1859, he was elected Colonel. He took a just pride in the high reputation enjoyed by the Seventh, and constantly exerted himself to increase the efficiency and discipline of the men under his command. On the breaking out of the rebellion, and twice afterward, the Seventh was summoned to the front; and although as an organization it was not actively engaged on the field, a large proportion of its officers and privates enlisted for the war, and served with credit, and in instances with distinction, in the Union armies. Colonel Lefferts always maintained a warm interest in the affairs of the regiment, and was loved and esteemed by all who came in contact with him, both as an officer and a man.

JAPANESE LEGENDS.

Japan is dotted with shrines and spots celebrated in the historical and legendary annals of the country. At Kamakoura, fifteen miles from Yokohama—better known to foreigners from the proximity of the colossal bronze statue of Buddha than from any historical associations—is the scene of action of half the romantic and heroic histories of the country. Huge temples, broad avenues, vast flights of steps, and stately groves of trees still mark the site of the ancient capital of Japan, are still relics of the days when heroism and chivalry went hand in hand, and when Dai-Niphon, "Peerless Japan," as her sons still love to call her, was alone in her majesty, and unknown to the world of "outer barbarians." North of Jeddo lies Nikko, the lovely burial-place of Iye Yas, founder of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns—a veritable "piece of heaven dropped on earth," a cluster of fairy temples set in a frame-work of some of the finest woodland scenery of the country. Away north again are the famous shrines of Isé, to which every Japanese who can do so makes a pilgrimage at least once in his lifetime. But all the pride and reverence of the Japanese are centred in the great mountain Fuji-Yama. The glory of the regular, pure-white cone, rising from the plain, and towering king-like over the petty hills scattered to the right and left, has been sung by Japanese poets and limned by Japanese artists from time immemorial. Well-omened is the house so situated as to command a view of the mountain; fortunate the man who can show among his household treasures the duly signed certificate of his having made its arduous ascent. Scarcely a screen, or a tray, or a lacquered bowl exists on which the well-known shape of the mountain is not portrayed. Ignorant rustics can not be convinced that there are spots in the world from whence the cone can not be descried. To the citizens of Jeddo it is a barometer, a protective genius, a sight to amaze the foreign visitor; to the peasant it is a something so sublime and grand as not to be spoken of without reverence.

Next in importance to Fuji, as a fountain of poetic fable, are the sky and the heavenly bodies. The moon with the Japanese is a god; the sun, a goddess; the stars are the spirits of the great and mighty of old days. In Japanese works of art, and in the fanciful literature, Fuji-Yama and the moon are generally, so to speak, in conjunction, the sun apparently playing a far less important part—a strange fact, when we remember that one of the most elaborate epithets bestowed on their country by the Japanese is the "Land of the Rising Sun." About the moon-god and the stars there are innumerable pretty stories and ballads; temples to the former are common, and are generally in solitary neighborhoods, and always on the summits of hills. Strange to say, with all their keen appreciation of the charms and wonders of nature, the Japanese have never invested the ocean with any of the attributes so common among the poets of Western nations. Although it is the chief source of their daily food, there is very little evidence to show that they regard it with any poetic fervor or love. To them it is rather an object of dread and awe, a fearful unknown power sleeping under the guise of silvery stillness, to be awakened occasionally into frantic fits of destruction and harm-doing. Hence, with their vivid imagination and power of fanciful creation, it may be easily understood that the Japanese are a people keenly susceptible to superstitious influences. The rise and fall of the tides, the aspect of Fuji, the clearness or obscurity of the heavens on certain days and certain hours, are carefully watched as omens of coming good or evil. The bull worship of the Egyptians finds its parallel in the fox worship of the Japanese. Dogs are protected from harm by public edict in Jeddo as in Constantinople; to kill a stork is as great a crime in the eyes of a Japanese as to kill an albatross in the eyes of an English sailor. Night has peculiar horrors for the country people. Then, it is supposed, the restless spirits of those who have led wicked lives perform their penance by wandering abroad on the earth. The "pixies" of Devonshire and the "brownies" of Scotland are represented in Japan by elves and sprites, who do good offices for worthy households, and commit all kinds of vagaries on the premises of loose-livers and evil-doers. The sound of a cock crowing at night is held to be a sure presage of coming pestilence or fire; a lantern blown out portends, not irrationally, a violent storm; traveling after sunset is carefully avoided, not only for fear of dangers of the road, but in the dread of intruding on the sphere of the spirits; long circuits are made by travelers to avoid haunted spots or places of evil repute, such as execution grounds or scenes of past murder and bloodshed.

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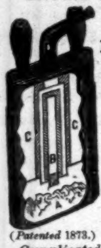
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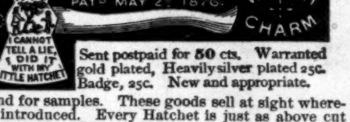

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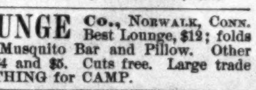

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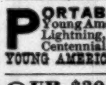

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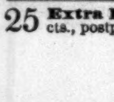

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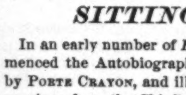

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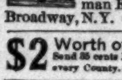

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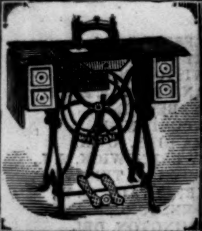

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"ON THE ALERT."—From a Painting by Carl Haag.—[See Page 608.]

A FIRE IN CONSTAN

A FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH a town built almost entirely of wood, and the indirect co-operation of the negligence produced by Turkish fatalism, fires may, perhaps, be considered as constituting the normal condition of Constantinople. A house sixty years old is a rarity. Except the mosques, aqueducts, walls, and fountains, together with a few Greek houses at Phanaris and some Genoese buildings at Galata, all is wood. Past ages have left no witness on the soil perpetually swept by flame. The face of the town renews itself every half century, although, perhaps, without much change; the only exception to this rule being the suburb of Pera, where in place of every shanty that burns down there rises a mansion of stone. This result is owing to the fact that Pera is principally inhabited by Genoese and other foreigners, so that before long the town will be quite European in character.

On the summit of the Seraskier's Tower, a structure of prodigious height in Constantinople which rises against the sky not far from the domes and minarets of the Sultan's palace, stands perpetually a watchman, whose duty it is to look narrowly whether in any quarter of the immense panorama that lies unrolled at his feet there may be a gush of dark smoke or red flame bursting through the interstices of a roof. When the watchman perceives the outbreak of a fire, he hangs from the summit of his tower a basket if by day or a lantern by night to indicate the quarter of the town in which it is situated. The cannon thunders out the alarm, and through the awakened streets rings in sinister tones the lugubrious cry of "*Stamboul hiangin var!*" Every one is aroused, and the populace as well as the firemen rush frantically in the direction indicated by the signal. A similar watch is constantly maintained on the summit of the Tower of Galata, which is almost directly opposite to the Seraskier's Tower, on the other side of the Golden Horn.

It is, or was, a law in Constantinople that the Sultan, the viziers, and the pashas shall be present at all fires of importance. If the Sultan has even retired into the recesses of his harem, his sanctuary is not safe from intrusion if a fire breaks out. The story goes that upon such occasions an odalisque, clad in scarlet, and wearing a turban of the same color, penetrates into the chamber, raises the tapestry that covers the doorway, and stands before him silent and sinister. The appearance of this flame-colored phantom announces to the Sultan that there is a fire in the city, and summons him to do his duty as a sovereign. How far this popular belief is literally true it is difficult to ascertain, but it is certain that such is the popular belief, and that the Sultan and his chief officers of state are always present at great fires. An [our is un]... the limit beyond which [the fire] ... Sultan is not bound to [... end].

Constantinople is es[pec]ially subj... those quarters where [the] poorer cl... dled and crowded tog[et]her, and ... tions that occur there a[re] sometime... in their destructivene[ss]. THÉOPH... who has written more [fu]lly and m... ingly upon Constantino[ple] than any ... author, thus describes [a fi]re in one ... erable quarters of the [cit]y: "I wa... ting upon a tomb in the [l]esser cem... when I observed risin[g] above the ... wreath of blue smoke which spe...

STANTINOPLE.

An our is understood to be ch the fire continues, the o end.

es ially subject to fires in t poorer classes are hud- og er, and the conflagra- e a sometimes tremendous ne THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, e lly and more entertain- no e than any other recent s a re in one of these mis- e y: "I was one day sit- h esser cemetery of Pera, in above the cypresses a ke which speedily became yellow, and then black, and was presently streaked with jets of flame, the latter scarcely visible, however, in the brilliant sunlight. I sprang up and sought an open spot, whence I saw in an instant that the quarter called Kassim-Pasha—a miserable region, peopled by wretches equally miserable, Jews and Armenians—was in flames. The fire was soon burning furiously in the immediate vicinity of a mosque, whose minaret I can not better compare than to a candle surmounted by a tin extinguisher, which I expected every moment to see melting in the flames; but a sudden change of wind drove them in another direction, and threatened a quarter which had before seemed safe. The street was crowded by negresses carrying mattresses; porters laden with chests; men saving their pipe-stems; frightened-looking women with a child in one hand and a bundle of clothing in the other; soldiers and *cawas* armed with long hooks; *saccas* rushing through the crowd, carrying their pumps on their shoulders; and mounted men galloping along without the least regard for foot-passengers—every one elbowing, pushing, and hustling, with an accompaniment of shouts and imprecations in every conceivable dialect of almost every conceivable language. The tumult was at its height. During all this time the fire was spreading, enlarging the circle of its ravages. Fearing to be trodden underfoot in the increasing and maddening crowd, I regained the height of Pera, and seating myself again upon a funeral column, I sat in company with Turks, Greeks, and Franks watching the fearful spectacle that unrolled itself at the foot of the hill. The burning rays of noonday fell perpendicularly upon the brown tiled roofs or wooden sheds of Kassim-Pasha, the houses of which were lighted in succession like the fusees of a set of fire-works. Now you would see a little wreath of white smoke issuing from some crevice, then a tongue of scarlet intermingled with the smoke, then the whole roof became clouded; presently the flames began to burst forth in every direction, and in an inconceivably small number of minutes the house was in ashes.

"Against a background of flames on the walls and summits of the burning houses stood out in black profile the figures of the men who threw water upon the neighboring walls to prevent them from also taking fire, all attempts to quench such inflammable material when once really in flames being hopeless, while others, with axes and hooks, threw down masses of buildings to restrain the fire within certain limits for sheer lack of food to prey upon. After often abating and rekindling, the fire died out, and there remained only the smoke which slowly rose from among blackened heaps of ashes and cinders.

"The next day I visited the scene of the disaster. Two or three hundred houses had been